

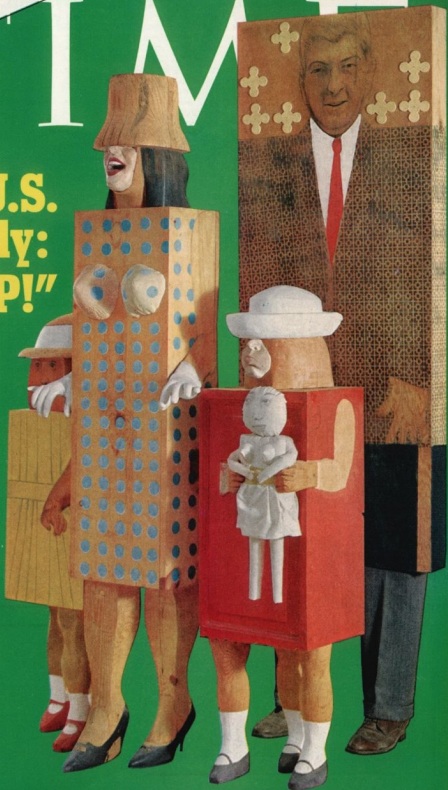
FIFTY CENTS

DECEMBER 28, 1970

**Poland Erupts**

# TIME

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eight	huit	ocho	acht	hachi
nine	neuf	nueve	neun	ku

### Nine tips on how to become an unforgettable American memory.

1. Stop, look and listen. That's the easiest way to encounter a foreign visitor. (And, if you don't encounter one, what will he, she—or perhaps they—have to remember you by?)

2. Prepare to jump a hurdle. What sort of hurdle? Well, let's say you've just stopped, looked and listened in a bustling bus terminal. Your alert eye catches the tentative movement of someone who takes a quick step forward. An even quicker step back. Then stands stock still, looking lost. You've spotted one! Your foreign visitor. And he (or perhaps she) is lost, but too shy to ask directions. And you're just about to offer help. But, suddenly, you can't? You're too shy too? Then that's your hurdle. Jump it. Or simply step across.

3. That's not your hurdle, but you've just run into another? Your English-speaking visitor doesn't understand your answer to his question, even though it was direct and exact? It's probably his ears. Perhaps they're long attuned to British English, or Australian English, or Irish English, and they find your rapid-fire American English difficult to catch. So repeat your answer, slowly. (And quietly, of course, since no one enjoys being conspicuously uninformed.)

4. You have no trouble communicating, you just don't know the place he seeks? Take a moment to glance around. And another to dig into your memory. Chances are you do know a Tourist Information Center, or Travelers Aid, or Chamber of Commerce Office and you could take him

there. At the very least, there's probably a nearby phone. And the phone book will list some organization which can give him the directions he needs.

5. Your foreign visitor has just come in by ear? You've overheard a question and you know the answer, but the person being asked does not? Go ahead. Plunge in. The unable-to-answer answerer will be relieved, not offended. And the visitor will discover still another American who is eager (and, this time, able) to help.

6. You've been asked about bargains, and you don't know what to suggest? Phonograph records, costume jewelry, men's shirts, and ready-made clothes are all generally cheaper here than in most places abroad. And, to many foreign visitors, an American department store or discount house is an experience in itself. (So, by the way, is a visit to an ocean liner—at 50¢ in our major ports. Such visits are impossible at any price in most countries. And a flown-over Frenchman, for example, might get a kick out of visiting The France.)

7. You're stumped, you've just been asked a question in X—a language you don't know at all? Try some other language you studied in school, on the chance that he studied it too. No luck? See if he's carrying an English-X phrasebook. Perhaps you can get him to point out the question he asks. Then you can read it in translation. Thumb through until you find an English answer, then point that out in turn. Now he can read the translated answer back.

8. Your foreign visitors come by the doz-

ens, your job brings them to you? Then you doubtlessly know more than we do about giving them happy memories to take home. Still, you might just glance through tips 3-7. You might find a new wrinkle or two. And we do have two special suggestions, since we know you're besieged for advice. First, by all means give it. But if it's not taken, don't insist or feel hurt. (It's probably your visitor's purse or palate that rejected your counsel. Not his confidence in you.) Second—well, we don't know quite how to put this, except by telling a story that's improbable but true.

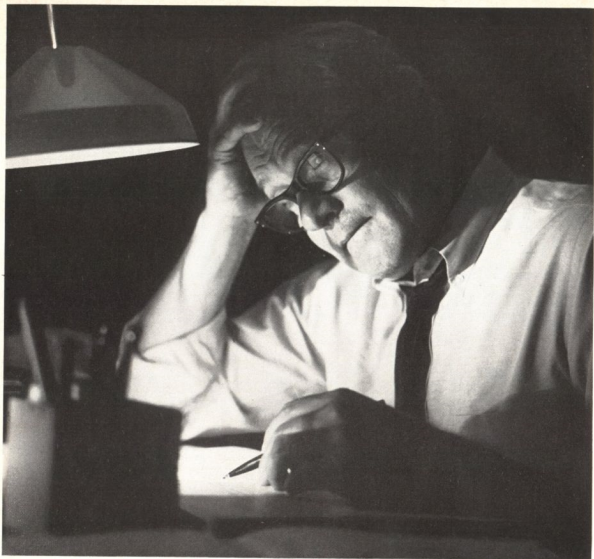
9. Let us tell you the one about the waitress and the hungry diner, neither of whom understood a word the other said. What did she do? First she checked with co-workers, tried for a phrase book, even discreetly asked other diners for help—all the nice, possible things you'd probably try to find time to do. Then she did the almost impossible. She invented a language of her own: three neat, quick sketches of a chicken, a potato, and a slice, next to their menu listings. He understood. Ate well. Tipped more than well. And took his menu to show to friends in his home town. How do we know? Some of us have been there. And the minute someone spots us as a foreign visitor from the U.S., he invariably tells about a certain friend who met a certain waitress in America... Apparently, she's one memory that one whole town will never forget.

**One foreign visitor's most unforgettable American memory might easily be you.**



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## LETTERS

### Who Is the Man?

Sir: There can only be one choice for 1970's Man of the Year—the American prisoner of war.

JOAN JACOBUS  
Clifton, N.J.

Sir: The man with guts—Walter Hickel. GEORGE JOHNSON  
San Francisco

Sir: It has to be Nader. I think he cares about me.

GEORGE W. BLANK III  
Downingtown, Pa.

Sir: How about that Lithuanian sailor we so readily threw to the wolves? Or did someone remove the quotation from the Statue of Liberty?

(MRS.) JUNE BOLDT  
Amherst, N.Y.

Sir: You describe the Man of the Year as the person who has had the greatest influence for good or ill on mankind in the preceding year. In this and every other year until the population explosion is controlled: the third child.

T. ANDREW TRIMMINGHAM  
Manhattan

Sir: Thomas Jefferson, who started what is going on today when he wrote that a government should be altered or abolished when it becomes destructive of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

TOM LEVITAN  
Baton Rouge, La.

Sir: Could there be any other than Vince Lombardi? Few men have equaled him, yet all respected him.

(MRS.) WENDY WETZEL  
Madison, Wis.

Sir: Pierre Elliott Trudeau. By keeping his cool, he has shown the world that terrorists can be dealt with.

ROBERT ANES  
Brantford, Ont.

Sir: The Buckleys, William F. and James L. Two men who have made conservatism a viable alternative for America.

PATRICK DUFFY  
Los Angeles

Sir: The guy who is caught in the crunch of our rapidly changing society: the urban policeman.

T.A. CONNOLLY  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir: The college student. Political oppression, Viet Nam, Cambodia, Nixon-Agnew, drugs and racism polarized students this year into a political force that must be recognized.

STEVEN STURM  
Brooklyn

Sir: Willy Brandt, for trying to build a bridge from Bonn to the rest of the world and his efforts toward making a better Europe.

LEMAN S. BAKER  
Texas City, Texas

Sir: Cesar Chavez.

BRUCE M. SMITH  
North Leeds, Me.

Sir: Pope Paul VI.

RAY L. SHERWOOD  
Aurora, Ill.

Sir: Father Daniel Berrigan, S.J.

ROGER C. CAMPBELL  
Worcester, Mass.

Sir: Burt Bacharach.

STEVEN L. SOBOROFF  
Tucson, Ariz.

Sir: Kate Millett.

MICHAEL J. CLYNE  
Manhattan

### Again the Spotlight

Sir: I find the suggestion that President Nixon is considering more raids on North Viet Nam's prison camps [Dec. 7] quite disturbing. Faced with Green Berets on the outside and hostile but unarmed prisoners on the inside, it is only logical to assume that the guards will attack their enemy at his weakest point by eliminating the prisoners. Such a horrible denouement would only serve to spotlight once again the combined brutality and stupidity which is the Viet Nam War. Would the epitaphs of the prisoners read, "We had to destroy them to save them?"

BRIAN F. WOOD  
Egbertsville, N.Y.

Sir: Your article was an outstanding reminder of the plight of U.S. P.O.W.s, and of how little this country has done to help them prior to the raid on Son Tay. If one thing is more heartbreaking than the experiences of the wives and families of the P.O.W.s, it is the story of the prisoners themselves. God bless the men who conceived and carried out the raid. Let's hope that next time they will be successful.

LARRY D. STEPHAN  
Edwards A.F.B., Calif.

Sir: Xuan Thuy will be delighted to receive 100 tons of mail requesting the release of American P.O.W.s. It will display how deeply Americans yearn for their release. Now Hanoi says that all P.O.W.s will be released—when and only when we get out of Viet Nam. Knowing the strength of American sentiment to have prisoners released will strengthen Hanoi's resolve: Hanoi will figure that when all Americans want the P.O.W.s released badly enough, they will get out of Viet Nam.

(MRS.) SANDRA SCOTT  
Norwich, Conn.

### Natural Extension

Sir: Re "The Latest American Exodus" [Nov. 30]: Many young people believe that they are citizens of the world. They feel they have as much right to change their country as their politics or religion. It becomes a natural extension of a growth that transcends nationalism. If expatriation will help create a world community of contented people, America, through its expatriates, may finally be doing something right.

JON K. WASHA  
Upper Brookfield, Australia

Sir: I just returned from a year and a half of working on a U.S. military base in Germany. The quietness and exquisite beauty of Germany intrigued me very much, and I often thought about living

there permanently. One day I mentioned this to a young black soldier. His reply was: "Nothing is happening here. I feel as if I am wasting my time. I have to get back home and help my people." That made me begin to re-evaluate my position. Life was easier in Europe, especially on an American salary, but it can become a real cop-out.

CAROLYN SANGSTER  
Des Plaines, Ill.

Sir: I've been approached countless times by many fellow Americans about retirement or working abroad. There is no pat answer I can offer, but it's no longer inexpensive. However, particularly in London and in England, I can understand the desire of those who are middle-aged (as I am) to live at what we term a more civilized pace. It is not so competitive. There is time for living. In spite of rising costs, the theater, concerts, etc., remain within sensible bounds. There is, I believe, another reason: the escape from the impersonality of concrete to something of another age. At heart, there are many squares left in this world who love the old things the cities here have to offer.

But if the young wish to become involved with the exciting challenges of life, they will find it is not here but remains largely in the U.S.

R.L. GROSS  
London

### Drawing the Line

Sir: If a New Jersey superior court judge can deny the right of a couple to adopt a child on the basis of their being atheists [Dec. 7], what then prevents the state from taking a child from natural parents whose convictions likewise "prevent the

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child's freedom to worship as she sees fit"? There may be a distinction, but if Judge Camarata's decision is upheld, there may not be one for long.

DENNIS H. FLANIGAN  
Ames, Iowa

Sir: To deny a child the right to a family because the parents are not churchgoers seems to me a giant leap forward to the age of the Spanish Inquisition.

Doesn't Judge Camarata realize that it is more emotionally traumatic for a child to be taken from its parents and possibly grow up homeless than it is for the child not to attend church? It is no wonder the Burkes do not believe in God.

(MRS.) CAMILLA GREENE  
Philadelphia

Sir: When are we going to reach the age of enlightenment concerning people? Judge Camarata's decision is based on the premise that all good guys come from delicious homes and all bad guys from some other kind of home.

If the Burkes are good, kind, loving, possess high moral and ethical standards and want the children, what more should any of us ask?

(MRS.) EVELYN G. FISHER  
Pompton Plains, N.J.

Bah, Humbug

Sir: Your review of *Scrooge* [Dec. 7] could have been written by the old grouchy himself before transformation. It was a perfect family movie. Dickens himself would have enjoyed it.

Bah, humbug to Jay Cocks.

(MRS.) CYNTHIA CORTRIGHT  
Detroit

Pe, Flame

Sir: In your story on Khrushchev's reminiscences [Dec. 7], you report an odd linguistic controversy about the proper affectionate and intimate variation of the name Svetlana in Russian. Nikita Khrushchev says Stalin called his daughter Svetlanka. But in Russian the ending *nka* is usually used in talking to pets, as in Anton Chekhov's story about the dog Kashanka. Stalin's daughter says her father always called her Svetochka. Since Stalin, the author of *Marxism and Linguistics*, fancied himself an expert on the Russian language, as on everything else, it still may be hard to argue with him.

But I would maintain that the proper form is Svetlanochka.

MISHA ALLEN  
Toronto

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TIME, DECEMBER 28, 1970



## THE NATION

## AMERICAN NOTES

## Forsooth, Soothsayers

At the start of every year, pundits, astrologers and other assorted soothsayers crank out their predictions for the year ahead. Few take them very seriously, and judging by the 1970 performance, that is just as well. There were some outstanding goofs. Britain's Astrologer Maurice Woodruff predicted that Ronald Reagan would not be re-elected. In Italy, Astarofo foresaw that Leonid Brezhnev would be ousted last spring and later

## Washington Gingerbread

There is a crèche in the East Room, and the White House halls are decked with boughs of holly—not to mention thousands of massed poinsettias, hundreds of velvet bows, swags of greenery, four 50-inch wreaths and doubtless, somewhere in all the profusion, a pear tree complete with partridge (stuffed). The Sunday worship service over the holidays will be led by six teenage sons and daughters of presidential staff members, backed by the Columbus Boychoir from Princeton, N.J. At a dozen major holiday parties, a dozen smaller ones, and three candlelight tours, a Pat Nixon innovation, the Nixons will open the White House to more than 20,000 visitors.

The staff, which gets a party of its own, is beginning to flag a bit. "When the President gets going on Christmas," sighs one weary aide, "there's no stopping him." Well, not quite. When Mrs. Nixon was showing her husband all the preparations, the President tried to break off and eat a piece of a huge gingerbread house put together by Assistant Chef Hans Raffert for the State Dining Room. Said Pat: "Don't you dare!" (He didn't.) Since Nixon does not enjoy carving, the Christmas turkey will arrive at his table presliced.

## This Hallowed Ground

Defacing a public monument is a crime in France; the idea is worth borrowing and extending to cover such assaults as the Disney scheme to turn California's Mineral King mountain fastness into a tourist development, or the perennial proposal to build a highway through the Grand Canyon. Anyone approaching the national battlefield military park at Gettysburg runs a gauntlet of gaudy billboards, and now Tom Ottenstein, a developer from Silver Spring, Md., is going ahead with plans to build a 300-ft. sightseeing tower on an acre of private land not far from the Gettysburg National Cemetery. It will be topped with a "space capsule" faced in tinted glass and blue enamel, on the doubtful theory that it will thus blend with the sky. History buffs from as far away as Texas have protested, but Ottenstein remains undeterred. Gettysburg is unzoned and Ottenstein already has the necessary building permits, so nothing stands in his way. Says George Hartzog Jr., director of the National Park Service: "Many mistakes have been made at Gettysburg, some by the park service. But of all the projects planned or carried out, this tower is the most monstrous."

## The Senate:

EVEN in the most tranquil of times the antiquated procedures and musty mechanisms of the U.S. Senate are barely able to cope with the basic demands stipulated in the Constitution. Last week, in a chamber filled with the grating emotions and cross purposes of determined men, the legislative machinery flew apart. "The Senate has gone out of control," scoffed a Republican leader from the more orderly House of Representatives. Conceded Senate Democratic Leader Mike Mansfield: "We are having filibusters—and filibusters on filibusters, and filibusters within filibusters."

**Morass of Confusion.** The causes of the chaos were multiple. The 91st Congress was in its dying days, and its weary members were clearly disgruntled that it had lasted so long; they yearned impatiently to break away from the capital and enjoy the holidays with the rest of the nation. Ambitious Senators were fighting to save or to kill bills on which their reputations were riding. Time was too short to pass even the measures that a majority clearly favored; in the crunch it was easy for a few men to thwart the will of the rest. At the same time, President Nixon angrily if belatedly joined the fray as some of his priority programs faced death; he berated the Senate for its tardiness and threatened to call a post-Christmas session of both chambers.

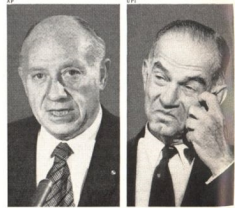
While the parliamentary skirmishing degenerated into a morass of confusion in which nothing seemed certain to pass, the basic issues at stake were sharply etched. In order of diminishing intensity of feeling, they came down to a classic confrontation over free trade, a sweeping reform of federal welfare programs, funding of a supersonic jet transport aircraft, and limitations on the President's power to authorize U.S. military operations in Cambodia. With only a few more scheduled working



NIXON & FRIENDS AT TREE LIGHTING  
Pre-sliced Christmas turkey.

murdered. In the U.S., Sybil Leek, self-styled queen of witches, revealed that in October, Richard Nixon would be caught up in a saucy sex scandal that would raise the nation's eyebrows.

A year ago it was also a time for journalists and critics to look forward to what 1970 would bring, but their record turned out to be nearly as spotty as the astrologers'. Many expected a hot summer of black unrest in the ghettos that never materialized. Economists looked for a solid upturn from recession by the end of 1970, but there has been none. Few observers of the U.S. scene foresaw that political passions on the campuses would become muted in a new emphasis on "privatism." One who was right on, however, was Arthur Koestler, who said late in 1969 that writers and film makers "will discover again that public hair is less poetic than Gretchen's braids." The enormous success of Erich Segal's gushingly romantic film and novel *Love Story* has already proved him right.



SENATORS JAVITS & FULBRIGHT  
Arguments and amendments.



# Chaos at the Deadline



SENATORS PROXMIRE & WILLIAMS  
*Filibusters on filibusters.*

days, this is how those issues stood: **TRADE.** President Nixon had proposed, and the House had passed, new restrictions on textile imports, partly to repay such Southern states as North and South Carolina for support in his election to the presidency. But a band of liberal Senators, led by Oklahoma Democrat Fred Harris and Republicans Charles Percy of Illinois and Jacob Javits of New York, argued that such protectionism represents a historic reversal of U.S. trade policy and threatens to upset international markets. They vowed that it would not pass, and they were willing to talk it to death. The import quotas, moreover, were thrown into a nightmarish omnibus bill by the Senate Finance Committee. The measure also includes a politically popular increase in Social Security benefits and elements of the President's welfare-reforming Family Assistance Plan. Unless the Senators somehow find a way to extract the trade measure, the entire package is likely to die.

**WELFARE.** President Nixon was finally pushing hard for his Family Assistance Plan, which would shift more of the cost of welfare to the Federal Government, and guarantee qualifying families a minimum annual income. While liberals consider the income levels inadequate and the bill full of technical flaws, there was hope that the general principle would be accepted. The House passed one version of the plan. But as the filibuster against trade quotas broke out in the Senate, the welfare plan seemed locked even more closely into the same bill and was almost certainly doomed. A key opponent of the plan, Delaware Republican John J. Williams, moved skillfully on the Senate floor to keep the contending forces at each other's throats and the welfare and trade measures joined.

**THE SST.** The Senate voted this month to deny the President any more funds to develop a supersonic transport, while the House had authorized the \$290 mil-

lion that the President had requested. A House-Senate conference committee tried to compromise the issue by granting \$210 million for the plane. The Senate's Mansfield called this "a capitulation of the Senate position," while other SST critics more bluntly termed it a "betrayal" and "a rape of the will of the Senate." Vowed one: "We're not going to lay over for the old men in the conference committees, who are in league with the old men in the House." A filibuster was promptly launched against the \$210 million project by Wisconsin Democrat William Proxmire, who opposes the SST on cost and ecological grounds. He was joined by Democratic presidential prospect Edmund Muskie. Republican Leader Hugh Scott marshaled a vote to choke off the filibuster, but it fell far short of the two-thirds vote required.

**CAMBODIA.** Antiwar Senators including J. William Fulbright succeeded in attaching amendments to two separate bills meant to prevent President Nixon from using any more funds to send U.S. troops or military advisers into Cambodia: a \$66 billion defense appropriations measure, and a \$1 billion foreign aid authorization. The language in the defense bill was so altered by a House-Senate conference committee that the limitation was rendered ineffective—and another Senate wrangle was shaping up over that.

**Dilatory Approach.** The battles were not yet over, and it seemed likely that the Senate was about to deny the President his welfare reform and trade quotas, and might still shoot down the SST. It had not even bothered to consider one of his most desired programs: a system of sharing federal tax revenues with the states. It had so altered another Nixon reform, a manpower retraining act designed to consolidate various antipoverty programs, that the President last week vetoed the resulting bill. His main complaint was that it provided too much money for what he called "dead-end, W.P.A.-type" public service jobs.

The impasse between the President and the Senate was partly the fault of Nixon's lack of personal liaison with Senators. His harsh attacks on Democratic legislators in the recent elections did not exactly improve the atmosphere. But much of the blame lies with the Senators' own dilatory approach to the nation's business and to their fondness for *passé* procedure (see box). Carefully reasoned opposition to presidential programs is a senatorial prerogative. But procrastination over many long months until issues must be decided in the acrimonious atmosphere of deadline pressure is a shirking of responsibility in which the Senate, the President—and ultimately the nation—all suffer.



WELFARE



THE SUPERSONIC TRANSPORT



CAMBODIA  
PROTECTIONISM





SENATORS BEDDED DOWN FOR FILIBUSTER IN 1960

## Senate Reforms from Four Freshmen

LAST week's near blockage of the legislative arteries of Congress was only the latest indication that one of the Government's most vital organs is in need of drastic surgery. That is particularly true of the Senate, whose members have repeatedly refused to allow reformers to interfere with the filibuster, the seniority system (TIME Essay, Dec. 14) and time-consuming procedures almost as aged as the toga. Nevertheless, four freshmen Senators have coaxed the Senate into consenting to some changes that, starting next month, could help the incoming Congress to function more effectively.

The bipartisan group of reformers is made up of Republicans William Saxbe of Ohio and Richard Schweiker of Pennsylvania and Democrats Alan Cranston of California and Harold Hughes of Iowa. Because this was their first term, they were not accustomed to the quaint ways in which the Senate fails to conduct its business, and they felt frustrated. Saxbe, who knows how to exert power as a result of his experience as a speaker of the Ohio house of representatives, complained last summer that "anyone who thinks being a Senator is fun just hasn't had much." Cranston, equally irked at the sluggish pace, suggested to him: "Quit complaining; let's see what we can do about this."

Cranston and Saxbe decided to work quietly and concentrate on step-by-step changes that would stir scant controversy. They enlisted the help of Hughes, a former Governor who felt helpless as a Senator ("You have no command. You have to do what other people decide at their times"), and Schweiker, who had served eight years in the House and was struck by how much more slowly the Senate moved.

All four were appalled by the Senate's taking almost two months last summer to pass the Defense Procurement bill, the tendency to work a three-day week, and by the fact that Senators sometimes take the floor for windy speeches designed only for home consumption while national business has to wait. Plotting during dinners, the four honed their proposals. They then consulted their senatorial elders, mainly the two party leaders, Democrat Mike Mansfield and Republican Hugh Scott. "We didn't want them to think that this was a revolt by upstart freshmen," explained

Schweiker. Mansfield and Scott encouraged them to go ahead.

Through the fall, Saxbe talked to every Republican Senator and discovered that "even the oldtimers didn't like what was going on; they said 'Go it.'" Only Nebraska's Roman Hruska voiced objections, but he said he would not be the only one to stand in their way. Cranston, a former lobbyist on Capitol Hill, talked to every Democrat and secured the backing of the Senate's most respected parliamentarian, Georgia's Richard Russell. When the new Congress convenes, the Senate will give the procedural reforms a thorough trial. Among them:

- ▶ To minimize the number of votes that are delayed because Senators make uncoordinated commitments for appearances outside Washington during the work week, all Senators will be given a long weekend (Wednesday through Sunday) at the end of each month. That will permit them to schedule travel, in exchange for attending to Washington business for a full five days the other three weeks of each month.
- ▶ To enable the Senate to deal with at least one bill a day, the miscellaneous speeches that now open a session in what the Senators call "the morning hour" will be limited to three minutes each. The total time for all of them would be half an hour on two days, 45 minutes on three days. This would clear more "prime time" for debate and action on pending legislation.
- ▶ To increase efficiency, the present "dual-track" system initiated by Mansfield and Scott, in which a filibuster is allowed to run through the day, but night sessions are held to conduct less controversial business, would be reversed. Business would be enacted during the day, when Senators are relatively refreshed, and the stalling speeches, or speeches made only for the record, would take place at day's end or at night—presumably in an empty chamber.
- ▶ To save time, a drive will be made to cut down the number of roll calls. Hughes discovered that, at 20 minutes each, roll calls had consumed 28 full eight-hour days this past year. A greater number of uncontroversial items will be passed by the collective voicing of "ayes" and "nays." The presiding officer may also be allowed to determine if a quorum is present by counting the Senators rather than by calling the roll.

## President Nixon

A PRESIDENT is likely to have something political up his sleeve when he takes the rare step of picking a man from the other party for his Cabinet. Dwight Eisenhower installed Martin Durkin, head of the plumbers' union, as Secretary of Labor in 1953 partly as a gesture to his blue-collar backers. John Kennedy brought in Douglas Dillon for the Treasury because Dillon was a pillar of the New York financial community, which habitually mistrusts Democratic hands in the national till. Neither of those appointments, however, was quite the bombshell that Richard Nixon exploded last week when he strode to the lectern in the White House press-briefing room and announced that John Connally—conservative Democrat, Lyndon Johnson protégé, former Governor of Texas, and still that state's second most influential politician—would replace David Kennedy as Secretary of the Treasury.

Connally disliked Washington when he was John Kennedy's Secretary of the Navy in the early 1960s; he refused Nixon's offer to head either Defense or Treasury when Nixon was Cabinet building after the 1968 election. Why, then, would John Connally, a proud man and a powerful Democrat, now decide to sit in Richard Nixon's Cabinet—unless there was more in it for him than met the eye? There was speculation that the President is positioning Connally as a possible replacement for Spiro Agnew in 1972. So far, that is nothing more than guesswork. Besides, such a plot would require a party switch by Connally, and Texans generally prefer to fight rather than switch. It would cost Connally dearly back home. "I did not seek this job," Connally told friends. "It's just hard to say no when you're asked to serve your country." Since he had turned Nixon down twice before, that explanation seemed both inadequate and disingenuous, but for the moment, that was the only one Connally was offering.

**Dirty Mind.** Why Nixon wanted him is more obvious. The most patent reason: with the Democrats already touting the state of the economy as their likeliest issue for 1972, Nixon aimed to defuse that by putting a well-known, if scarcely liberal Democrat into his Administration's economic front office. But Connally personally may have nothing to lose. Says a close friend: "John knows the economy can't get much worse. He has nowhere to go but up. If the situation improves, he can get the lion's share of the credit. It is a situation that appeals both to his political instincts and to his rather roomy ego."

Other reasons why Nixon sought out Connally are rooted in the labyrinth of Texas politics. Texas oilmen, who backed Nixon financially in 1968, are not happy with the reduction in the oil-

## Takes a Democrat

depletion allowance that Nixon supported as President, nor do they like his opening the door to increased oil imports from foreign producers. What is more, Texas—always a key state politically—is vital to Nixon's strategy for 1972. Connally helped Democrat Lloyd Bentsen win a Senate seat this year from Nixon's hand-picked candidate, Representative George Bush. Nixon failed to carry Texas in either 1960 or 1968; the state's 26 electoral votes could be the difference between winning and losing in 1972. By luring Connally to Washington, Nixon could win a strong protagonist or at least neutralize a potential antagonist in Texas Democratic politics. Said one Washington Democrat: "To my dirty mind, this appointment means only one thing: the start of 'Democrats for Nixon' in 1972."

I'm in Trouble. The President has been courting Connally throughout his term. Connally served on the Ash commission on White House organization, which led to the creation of an Office of Management and Budget. Nixon also named him to the Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board. Connally has found himself on the receiving end of numerous presidential summonses to stop by and chat. Mainly, Nixon used Connally as a sounding board on economic policy. The big Nixon pitch to Connally, ten days before the appointment was announced, came during a White House tête-à-tête. "I recognize I'm in trouble the way the country is now," Nixon reportedly told Connally. "My problem is the economy . . . I don't have anyone in this area I can rely on who has elective political experience. I need someone whose political judgment I can respect, who understands economic forces, who understands how it all works. I need you." On another occasion, he assured Connally: "Don't worry about Shultz. You report to me directly, not through any intermediaries."

Nixon's estimate of Connally as an economics expert struck some professionals as odd; the man is simply not known in New York financial circles. Bradbury K. Thurlow, an investment analyst with Wall Street's Hoppin, Watson & Co., said of Connally: "I never knew that he knew how to add and subtract." Several of Connally's predecessors however agreed privately that financial expertise is not a primary prerequisite, so long as Connally retains the Treasury's skillful top technicians or picks other equally competent experts to guide him.

What Nixon wants Connally to do in Washington is probably not to make economic policy anyway, especially at this notably difficult time for the economy (see BUSINESS). Instead, Connally should serve him well as a far more forceful defender of that policy before Congress than was David Kennedy, a guileless Mormon who will move to a



CONNALLY WITH J.F.K. & JACKIE IN 1963

## New Texan on the Potomac

JOHN is meaner than an alligator with abscessed teeth, but he's also a hell of an interesting animal to watch." With these words, a former associate of Secretary of the Treasury-designate John Connally previewed the spectacle awaiting Potomac watchers who may seek to unravel the dynamics of President Nixon's newest Cabinet member.

Connally earned his reputation in the tough crucible of Texas politics and big-oil money. Born 53 years ago in Floresville, a small farming community south of San Antonio, he remembers his childhood as just slightly removed from "raw frontier. I'm not trying to play the humble-beginnings record, but I studied by kerosene. We had no electricity. There were no paved roads." His father worked as a tenant farmer, a butcher and laborer before the family moved to San Antonio when Connally was ten. There, the senior Connally operated a one-vehicle bus line from San Antonio to Corpus Christi.

Young Connally, with some financial help from his parents, entered the University of Texas, the undergraduate club for the state's business and political leaders and an academic must for an ambitious young Texan. He stacked books in the library for 17¢ an hour and doubled as campus representative for Beech-Nut chewing gum. Handsome and articulate, he ran for student body president—partly because the job paid \$30 a month—and won. He completed his academic career by marrying the campus beauty, Idanell Brill, University Sweetheart, Cactus Beauty and Relay Queen.

While still a student, Connally caught the eye of a young Democrat making his first race for Congress. When Representative Lyndon Baines Johnson went to Washington in 1937, he took Connally with him as an administrative aide. Connally stayed in Washington until 1941, when he enlisted in the Navy as an ensign. At the end of the war, he was a lieutenant commander decorated three times as a flight officer on the carrier *Essex*. Connally used his mustering-out pay to open a radio station in Austin with ten other veterans—among them Congressman Jake Pickle and Judge Homer Thornberry, an L.B.J. Supreme Court nominee—and for three years was general manager and the largest stockholder of KVET.

He did another brief stint in Wash-

ington with L.B.J., by then a Senator, but in 1950 came back to Texas to make his fortune as chief attorney for the late oil magnate Sid Richardson.

Throughout the '50s, he maintained his contacts with Political Mentor Johnson, working behind the scenes on campaigns, lining up financial backing among his oil-industry friends and serving as Johnson's liaison man with local Democratic leaders. At the 1960 Democratic Convention, he headed Johnson's bid for the presidential nomination. When L.B.J. became John F. Kennedy's Vice President, Kennedy made Connally Secretary of the Navy.

Connally resigned from his Pentagon post in December 1961, to run for Governor, only to discover that his longtime role in the back rooms of Texas politics had left him a virtual unknown with the voters. With oilman backing, he launched the most expensive gubernatorial campaign in Texas history—and easily carried the day. Midway through Connally's first two-year term as Governor, President Kennedy went to Texas to try to heal the bitter rift in the state's Democratic Party. The conservative wing, already becoming known as the Connally wing, and the liberal wing, led by Senator Ralph Yarborough, were engaged in an internecine war. In the Dallas motorcade for Kennedy, Connally had a coveted seat in the presidential limousine—and was seriously injured in the lung, arm and leg by one of the bullets that passed through Kennedy.

Connally went on to become a three-term Governor, an enormously popular figure in state politics and an increasingly important national figure. He was the absent L.B.J.'s eyes and ears at the fratricidal 1968 Democratic Convention, helping to push through the adoption of the pro-Viet Nam War platform plank. During the election campaign, he played at kingmaker, courted by Nixon and desperately sought by Humphrey for his clout with the huge contributors in the oil industry. Connally sat out the bulk of the campaign, only bestirring himself on Humphrey's behalf during the closing days, when Humphrey began to gain ground (he won Texas by 38,960 votes). Since leaving the Governor's mansion in January 1969, Connally has practiced law and tended to chores as a director of banking and oil interests in Texas and New York.



Cabinet-level job in international finance at the State Department. In terms of economic ideology, Connally is an enigma: he recently observed that the Administration's attack on inflation could not succeed without wage and price controls, but he has not said what he would do instead. Democratic liberals in Congress feel his appointment spells doom for serious tax reform and for any real commitment by the Administration to the goal of full employment. But to Wilbur Mills of Arkansas, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee and the single most important power on the Hill in economic matters, Connally "is a very able man. I think it is a good appointment." That will help, for it is Mills whom Connally will have to sell on Nixon's forthcoming proposals to store federal revenues with the states.

**Pique at the Ranch.** Before Nixon announced the Connally appointment, he informed Lyndon Johnson by telephone

THOMAS MEADOWS—LIFE



LYNDON JOHNSON & JOHN CONNALLY (1957)  
*Nowhere to go but up.*

of his choice. Nixon thought that Johnson would be pleased. Not likely. Johnson, still no slouch as a Democratic politician, was furious. Part of it was pique that Connally had not consulted him about taking the job. More important, like many other Democrats, Johnson felt that the last thing any Democrat should do right now is identify the party with Nixon's economics. Says one Texan who knows both Johnson and Connally well: "The President [Johnson] feels that Nixon could be had on the economic issue." Nixon, announcing the appointment, pleaded for a bipartisan approach to the nation's problems. If that is what he really wants, he might have chosen instead to install a more liberal Democrat where it really counts—as Attorney General, say, or as Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare.



AGNEW AT BREAKFAST MEETING DURING G.O.P. GOVERNORS' CONFERENCE

## Spiro Agnew on the Defensive

AFTER losing eleven statehouses to the Democrats in the mid-term elections, Republican Governors had some understandable reservations about their party's campaign strategy. Last week, at the semiannual G.O.P. Governors' Conference at Idaho's Sun Valley resort, they got a chance to question one of the campaign's prime architects and its loudest voice: Vice President Spiro Agnew. He journeyed to the meeting, Agnew said, "to consult with my brothers and if necessary, to debate them, and if convinced by logic, to make changes." His brothers, for the most part, found him a good deal more willing to debate than to change.

Speaking to the Governors on the night of his arrival, Agnew provided his most candid analysis to date of the Republicans' fortunes last November. He did not dwell on the victories. Instead, Agnew sought to dissociate himself from the losses. "The causes of victory or defeat in a political election are as opaque and undefinable after as before the vote," he said. As for charges that his steel-studded rhetoric during the campaign was a divisive weapon, Agnew declared, "Nothing is more unreasonable to me. What is an election if it is not an attempt to divide the voters of the country between two or three candidates seeking office?"

**Reagan's Tactic.** For those Governors who had hoped that Sun Valley's blanket of snow might cool off Agnew's language, that was too much. Fumed Oregon's Tom McCall, who had earlier urged President Nixon to consider candidates other than Agnew for the 1972 ticket: "There was the most unbelievable, incredible misunderstanding of the mood of America in that rotten, bigoted little

speech." Other Governors labeled it simply "defensive." By the time that Agnew sat down to a closed-door breakfast with 21 of the Governors, as he later put it in an understatement, he and his audience were "sensitized to criticisms of each other."

The loudest complaint voiced against the Vice President was about his habit of attacking political enemies personally. The critics ranged from Iowa's moderate Robert Ray, who urged Agnew to adopt a positive tone, to California's conservative Ronald Reagan, who suggested that the Vice President dodge inflammatory statements about individuals. If necessary, said Reagan, the Vice President could always claim that he had not read a provocative speech or statement and therefore could not comment on it. Oklahoma's conservative Dewey Bartlett reminded the Vice President that he had been personally—and unsuccessfully—asked not to criticize former Democratic National Chairman Fred Harris while in Oklahoma.

**Boob Tube.** The Governors also complained about Agnew's campaign against the press, whose "columnists and commentators" he had labeled "ideological antagonists" the night before. Among those who pressed him at that point were Michigan's William Milliken, Delaware's Russell Peterson and New Jersey's William Cahill, who urged Agnew to abandon his "shotgun" attacks and adopt a more precisely targeted "rifle-shot" approach.

Agnew replied that by his reckoning, 80% of the media "are after me and the Republican Party." He was prepared with a sheaf of press clippings illustrating what he clearly thought was unfair and vituperative comment about him by



the press. Many articles contained partisan statements made by Democratic National Chairman Lawrence O'Brien and other top Democrats, which Agnew argued had been accepted as fact by the papers that printed them. He was especially incensed by a front-page story in the previous day's *New York Times* reporting that a majority of Governors at Sun Valley were "full of political complaints," and joked grimly that "the conference should have been held at Death Valley." Too many Republicans made provocative statements, he said, simply to get on the "boob tube."

Agnew read McCall's reaction to his speech of the previous night to the group. Reagan told McCall that he was guilty of violating the Eleventh Commandment: Thou shalt not criticize another Republican. Later, one Governor recalled that Agnew learned that not only newsmen can interpret his remarks in various ways. "Those were Republi-

filling its duties. Pledged Agnew: "We will strengthen our efforts at liaison."

Perhaps so, but Agnew is hardly taking himself off the banquet circuit. The very next day, in a speech in Akron to honor William H. Ayres, a Republican who was defeated in November after ten terms in Congress, Agnew opened Round No. 2 in the defense of his campaign role. He firmly disagreed with "the implication that the harsh thrust of partisan debate suddenly in 1970 no longer has a place in American politics," and declared that "division can be constructive."

## REFUGEES

### How Simas Was Returned

No event in recent memory has more angered both the President and the American public than the forcible return of a defecting Lithuanian sailor to his Soviet ship last month. Simas (short

great deal with the individual . . . I believe he is sincere in his intention to defect to this country. The defector is definitely in fear of his life. At this time, indications are that regardless of what we do, he will go over the side [if we hand him back] as soon as we depart this area."

Ellis' reply: "If the man jumps into the water, give the Russian ship the first opportunity to pick him up. Don't let him drown. Go get him if they are not going to retrieve him."

Commander Eustis deliberately misunderstood the order. He radioed back: "I believe if the Russians take Kudirka back aboard, his life is in jeopardy." He also informed Brown that, should Kudirka jump overboard, *Vigilant* would stand by to pick him up instantly.

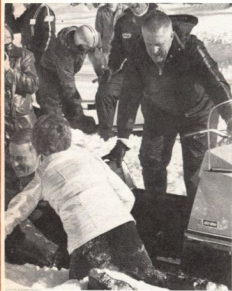
"I think you misinterpreted your last order," Brown shot back, "you are to take all precautions to prevent the incident from occurring." Brown was suggesting, on order from Admiral Ellis, that Eustis was to ensure that Kudirka would not jump overboard by returning him to the Soviets. Eustis was also informed that this hard line was "in the interest of not fouling up any of our arrangements as far as the fishing situation is concerned."

Like a Log. Thus it was that Commander Eustis reluctantly permitted six Soviet seamen to board *Vigilant*. When the Russians arrived, Kudirka was about to jump overboard. Within 10 or 15 seconds, however, according to one of *Vigilant*'s crew, D.R. Santos, "the Russians grabbed him, about four of them, and beat this man viciously. One of them grabbed a ship's phone cord and was going to wrap it around the defector's neck when the phone talker pulled the cord away. While this happened, another Russian was beating the defector's head against the rail of the ladder."

Soon after, Ensign John Hughes found "one member of the Russian party trying to tie the defector to our port winch. The man had one end of the rope tied around the defector's neck and was trying to throw the other end to the Russian ship. I ordered him to stop . . . and he stopped." Hughes then went off the deck for "approximately one minute. When I returned, I found the Russians again beating the defector."

Nor did the Russians let up once Kudirka was subdued. Aboard *Vigilant*'s launch carrying the now unconscious defector and his captors back to the Russian ship, Boatswain's Mate Richard Maresca saw Kudirka "completely tied up and being handled like nothing more than a log. One Russian sat on the defector's head and kept punching him for the entire ride. Once we arrived alongside the Russian ship, they threw the defector from aft to amidships, and threw him into a net lowered from the Russian vessel."

Soon after, the Russian ship, *Sovietkaya Litva*, was escorted from the area by *Vigilant*. Kudirka's fate is still unknown, but imaginable.



McCALL & WIFE AFTER SNOWMOBILE UPSET



WASHINGTON GOVERNOR EVANS SKIING

Questioning the campaign's loudest voice.

cans in there, all of them loyal to the party, and we had seven or eight different interpretations of his banquet talk. Agnew was really shaken. For McCall, it was a session of acute personal embarrassment. But if the Vice President learns to deal with the issues in 1972 rather than to flay individuals, McCall will think it a fair trade." McCall's judgment was that Agnew "took it very well, with maturity and poise, the bitter and the sweet." However, Agnew gave no indication that he planned to change tactics.

On another matter, Agnew did promise relief. Faced with complaints that Republican Governors have trouble making their voices heard in the White House, the Vice President promised to spend more time serving as Nixon's intermediary in state-level politics. He was assigned that job by the President in February 1969, but has spent little time ful-

filling its duties. Pledged Agnew: "We will strengthen our efforts at liaison." Perhaps so, but Agnew is hardly taking himself off the banquet circuit. The very next day, in a speech in Akron to honor William H. Ayres, a Republican who was defeated in November after ten terms in Congress, Agnew opened Round No. 2 in the defense of his campaign role. He firmly disagreed with "the implication that the harsh thrust of partisan debate suddenly in 1970 no longer has a place in American politics," and declared that "division can be constructive."

The evidence thus far clearly shows that Commander Eustis realized that the Lithuanian was a genuine defector, was loath to return him, and did so under direct order from Admiral Ellis. While in radio contact with Captain Brown, Eustis said: "I have talked a

## CIVIL RIGHTS

### Advance and Retreat

Black Americans could take satisfaction in two recent moves by the Government against discrimination, and rightfully deplore two recent grand jury decisions in the South. The four events in capsule:

► In the last 14 months, the Justice Department has prosecuted almost as many suits alleging discrimination in employment under Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act as were brought in the first 4½ years after that section took effect. Last week, the department zeroed in on the biggest corporate target of a Title VII suit so far, charging United States Steel, the United Steel Workers, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and twelve union locals with discrimination at the company's plant in Fairfield, Ala. The suit not only demands a change in U.S. Steel's hiring, transfer and promotion policies, but seeks compensation for workers held back by racist policies in the past.

The charge grows out of seniority rule, long common in large mass-production industries. Under the rule, workers accumulated long-service time in a particular department, rather than in a

company as a whole. Thus if blacks, traditionally assigned to the lowest-paid and dirtiest jobs, obtained transfers, they had to give up their seniority. If U.S. Steel loses the case, it could face demands for as much as \$40 million in compensation for black workers who have been discriminated against.

► Following reports of disruptive racial tensions in U.S. military installations throughout Europe, the Defense Department dispatched a 15-man team to investigate. As a result of its findings, the Pentagon last week issued a set of stiff directives aimed at improving the lot of the black soldier overseas. Among other things, they called for "numerical goals and timetables as a means to increase the utilization of minorities in occupations" where their representation is now out of balance, and the removal or reassignment of officers, noncommissioned officers and civilians who drag their feet on acting against discrimination. The new rules will also have an impact Stateside, since they empower base commanders here to declare housing off limits if landlords practice racial discrimination. They thus constitute an effective economic wedge for breaking up segregated housing near military bases.

► Despite the conclusion of the President's Commission on Campus Unrest that police response was "completely unwarranted and unjustified," a federal grand jury in Jackson, Miss., refused to indict any state or local law enforcement officers for the shooting that killed two blacks and wounded 12 more last May at Jackson State College. The 23-member jury, composed of 18 whites and five blacks, was discharged after failing to return any indictments or written findings.

► Similarly, a white Augusta, Ga., policeman was acquitted last week on charges of violating the civil rights of a black teen-ager killed in rioting last May. At the height of the riot, in which six blacks were killed, Private William S. Dennis fired a shotgun into a grocery store that was being looted. John W. Stokes, 19, was killed when nine pellets entered his back. The state refused to press charges, but a federal grand jury indicted Dennis, and the Justice Department attempted to prove that the force used in Stokes' death was excessive. The all-white jury saw it otherwise. Said Defense Attorney Roy V. Harris, a friend of George Wallace: Mr. Dennis was "confronted by savages" and should be accorded the community's praise.

## AMERICAN SCENE

### Santa Claus, California

*In seasonal conspiracy, parents and postal workers arrange for Santa Claus to answer his mail with such postmarks as North Pole, Alaska, and Christmas, Fla. For years, thousands of those letters were stamped and sent out from Santa Claus, Calif.; but the postmark has been abolished now, and the small strip of oceanfront land in Southern California where once it was Christmas every day has lost more than a postal stamp. TIME Correspondent Tim Tyler visited Santa Claus and reminisced with the town's founder:*

**E**UGENE AUGER always wanted to be Santa Claus, even when he was a young businessman selling cars, real estate and insurance in Stockton, Calif. Today he is a sick old man of 76 with a failing heart and a blood condition that has already caused the amputation of one leg. But between his youth as a hustling salesman and an old age spent in a dim house, he was Santa Claus, and he built a town to prove it.

Auger was 49 when a heart attack forced him to retire in 1943. He left Stockton, bought a long, narrow 5½ acre strip of land running between the shore and the coastal highway south of Santa Barbara, and started to work on his town. He built a roadside assortment of children's delights: merry-go-rounds, a zoo, a miniature train, donkey rides, toy stores, snack shops—all painted red and white and encrusted with Christmas decorations. Above the largest shop in

the village, a 20-foot concrete Santa, his landmark, protruded from the chimney. Auger presided over it all in a red suit and white beard, ho-hoing and passing out free candy to his young visitors. "We didn't make any money on the place. You see I didn't think I'd live long then so I just did all I could for the kids."

There was a sign near the highway, "Santa Claus, [elev.] 9 feet, pop. 108," and a post office substation where

extra workers were hired to handle up to 10,000 pieces of mail that passed through each day during the Christmas season. Auger's wife took out the last of their savings and bought him a mod sleigh—a small plane with Santa Claus faces painted on its sides—and Auger flew into Santa Monica and Los Angeles with a sack over his shoulder. Local civic clubs would arrange for scores of kids to greet him: "The kids would all gang up around the airplane and I'd hand out all kinds of goodies." He did it for nearly ten years, but he was working as hard as he had in Stockton and, once again, his heart forced him to quit.

He sold Santa Claus to a local businessman who hired a high school student to wear the red suit and white beard during the tourist season. Santa's Kitchen, formerly a children's restaurant, now sports a swank cocktail lounge called the Reindeer Room overlooking the ocean. The merry-go-rounds are mostly idle; the train rarely makes the rounds of its tracks any more; the volume of mail trickled, then was shut off when the substation closed a year ago. Santa Claus, Calif., today is just an ordinary tourist attraction and the owner of a souvenir shop makes sure the tourists get what they want: "Here's a charm with California on one side, Santa Claus on the other. Kills two birds with one stone, and it's sterling."



EUGENE AUGER

# We can't hide all our extension cords behind the couch.

You've seen those big, powerful high-voltage lines and transmission towers along the countryside. And maybe you asked what they were doing above ground.

What they're doing is delivering huge quantities of electric power from plants where it's generated to places where it's needed. And the reason they're there is that they have to be. For the present.

Your Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies are making good progress burying low-voltage distribution lines in new residential areas.

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Even when technical problems are solved, undergrounding of transmission lines may cost billions which, of course, would make your electric bill soar.

However, these discouraging facts don't give us license to stop trying.

A multimillion dollar research and testing program has been under way for some time. Every possible material for insulating underground high-voltage lines is being sought

out and tested. At the same time work is going ahead toward developing methods of maintaining these lines once they can be put under ground.

Meanwhile, the high-lines are going to be part of the scene for the foreseeable future. Indeed, more will have to be built.

Between now and 1980, America's electric power needs will double. A steadily growing population keeps finding more and more uses for electricity. In the home. In schools and hospitals. In business and industry. Most new uses quickly become necessities.

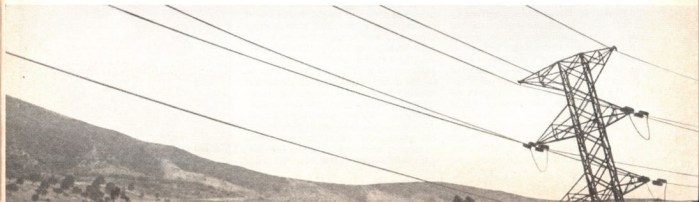
The mounting need for electricity must be met. This means more and bigger generating plants. More transmission lines carrying greater power loads for longer distances.

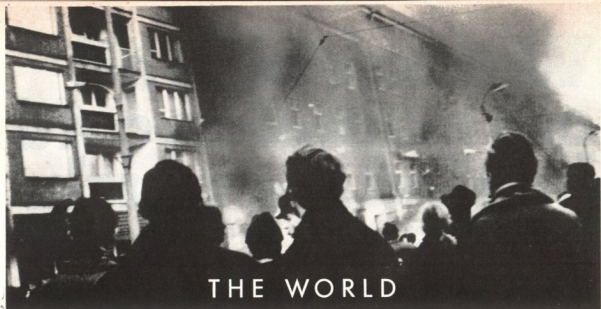
Increasing attention is being given to choosing routes for transmission lines in the interests of conserving natural beauty. And we're finding ways to make our towers more compatible with the landscape. Noted industrial designers are creating new, more esthetically attractive tower designs.

The people at your Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies are keenly sensitive to America's growing environmental problems. After all, we live here, too.

**The people at your Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies:**

\*For names of sponsoring companies, write to: Power Companies, 1345 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019.





SZCZECIN POLICE HEADQUARTERS ON FIRE

## Poland: A Nation in Ominous Flames

THE day dawned cold and cloudy in the Baltic seaport of Gdansk—a morning of gloom that matched the city's mood. Gdansk (pop. 370,000) had seethed for days with resentment at the Polish government's sudden announcement of a dramatic rise in food prices, the more infuriating since it came just before Christmas. Now, at the Lenin Shipyards, grumbling workers spontaneously protested the hike by refusing to work. Before long, they decided to emphasize their anger by marching from the yards to Communist Party headquarters two miles away. Thus began a week of rioting and death that surpassed anything Eastern Europe has experienced in years and shook to its foundations the Communist regime of Party Boss Wladyslaw Gomulka.

Along the way, the workmen of Gdansk sang the traditional Communist anthem, the *Internationale*. Soon the march was swelled by hundreds of housewives, students and other Gdansk citizens, equally incensed by the price increases. By the time the column reached party headquarters, it was 20,000 strong. It was also out of control. In vain, police pleaded with the demonstrators to halt. In reply, the crowd hurled homemade fire bombs at the headquarters building and the nearby Gdansk railroad station. When firemen arrived to douse the flames, they were beaten back. Police opened fire on the demonstrators—only to turn anger into a terrible frenzy. Crying "Gestapo! Gestapo!" the marchers wheeled to attack the police.

Like a Sizzling Fuse, Army tanks arrived to quell the riots, and a curfew was imposed on Gdansk—but it was too late. Within hours, similar popular explosions, equally violent, had broken out in the nearby towns of Gdynia and Sopot. Like a sizzling fuse, resentment

over the higher prices and other government policies spread to cities and towns across Poland: Wroclaw, Poznan, Katowice, Slupsk, Lodz, Cracow and Warsaw itself.

Some of the most terrifying demonstrations were in Szczecin, Poland's biggest seaport. A Radio Sweden reporter named Anders Thunberg described the scene outside party headquarters. "Tanks have made repeated attacks on the crowd," he said in a brief telephone call to Stockholm. "The people had to give way in order not to be run over. But a mother and her young daughter did not manage to get away. A tank at high speed crushed both of them. A young soldier stood by, crying and watching." The demonstrators, mainly from the Warski shipyards, burned police cars and rampaged through the headquarters. They scrawled messages on tanks and on walls: "We are workers and not hooligans." "We want more wages." In Warsaw, after workers in the Zeran auto works staged a sympathetic sitdown, truckloads of ORMOS—Poland's blue-overalled, blue-bereted special workers police—rolled into factories to halt or prevent such demonstrations.

**Serious Challenge.** The sudden, dramatic riots were the first popular protests in the East bloc since the 1968 student demonstrations in both Poland and Czechoslovakia. The new Polish uprising showed that in a repressive state—despite the presence of 20,000 Soviet troops on Polish soil, a loyal army and police, and a tame propaganda press—the underlying forces of discontent cannot be indefinitely suppressed. Moreover, last week's eruptions were considerably more violent than the 1968 riots. They were closer in spirit to the celebrated "bread and freedom" demonstrations in the city of Poznan in 1956; both began with workers' marches, and both

were directed against economic insufficiency. Poznan eventually brought Wladyslaw Gomulka—literally on the shoulders of workers singing his praises—to power as First Secretary of the Polish Communist Party Central Committee. In Gdansk and Gdynia, however, the protesters reviled Gomulka by name. The disorders presented Gomulka with the most serious challenge of his 44-year political career (see box). They could well cost him his job.

In one sense, the riots in Poland came as a complete surprise; in another, they were at least foreseeable. Following the repressions that ended the 1968 student demonstrations, the Gomulka regime had gradually begun to relax its repressive stance, and the country itself seemed to respond with an outward spirit of springtime effervescence (TIME, Nov. 16). The movement to-





ward "normalization" received particular emphasis last month when West Germany's Chancellor Willy Brandt visited Warsaw to sign a treaty ceding to Poland the former German lands east of the Oder-Neisse line. Poles assumed that the gaiety surrounding treaty ceremonies indicated better times for Poland in general. The price increases, therefore, were a cold shower of reality.

**Archaic and Expensive.** Poland's diplomatic gains could not disguise the fact that its economic situation has steadily worsened. Choosing ideological rigidity over pragmatism, the party's Central Committee has steadfastly refused to relax central control over industrial production and quotas. Factories are slowed by declining efficiency, slipshod labor and stifling bureaucracy. Agriculture, which Gomulka has allowed to remain mainly in private hands to keep peasant support, is archaic and expensive. Human problems have been complicated by acts of God. For two years in a row the Polish harvest has been disastrous; as a result, the nation has lost the \$500 million in foreign exchange that it would have earned through farm exports. Gomulka himself, in a recent speech to coal miners at Zabrze, admitted that because of fodder shortages, meat-loving Poland this year has fattened 205,000 fewer cows and 910,000 fewer hogs than last year.

With increasing envy and bitterness, Polish citizens have noted the different situations in neighboring lands. Hungary, for example, has been making steady progress with a "New Economic Mechanism" that introduced capitalistic profit-and-loss into socialist planning. Gdansk, the former German city of Danzig, is only a short ferryboat ride from Swedish Malmo across the Baltic, and is regularly invaded by fun-loving Swedes seeking beaches, booze and beaming blondes who are a soft touch for hard currency. West Germans are so obviously affluent that Poles ask one another sarcastically which of the two nations lost World War II. Never rapier-sharp at best, Polish humor has been improving on a diet of meatless Mondays, ersatz coffee and phantom slabs of butter. "I don't worry when my wife is missing for several hours," goes one story. "She has neither been in an accident nor meeting her boy friend nor spending money wildly. She is only standing in line for coffee and vegetables."

**Ultimate Cross.** Gomulka's government has been moving—but slowly and ineffectively—to improve the economy. After lengthy discussions, the Central Committee approved a new Five-Year Plan for 1971-76 and a progressive approach that economists refer to as "the New Economic Strategy." It made sense in theory but, as Alexis de Tocqueville noted, the most dangerous time for a government is not when conditions are bad but when the regime is trying to make them better. Demonstrating both arrogance and a lack of touch with popular feelings, the government neglected

to explain adequately what it was doing; as rumors spread about price increases and wage freezes, people pulled money from under mattresses and went on buying sprees. When the government finally did attempt to spell out the complicated new system, explanatory meetings frequently dissolved in confusion.

Last week came the ultimate cross. Warsaw announced a series of "price adjustments" designed to bring wages—which have been rising at 2% during 1970—and available goods into some kind of equilibrium. The cost of medicines and most industrial goods declined. The price tags on television sets went down 13%, on washing machines 17%, and on vacuum cleaners 15%. At the same time, however, beef prices were drastically increased. Beef went up 19%, assuming that one could find it, flour 16% and salted herring 19%. The cost of ersatz coffee nearly dou-

coats hastily donned over their own, and women lugged bulging packages. Fleet-footed teen-agers took everything from fur coats to oranges and champagne. Some entrepreneurs stopped long enough to sell surplus loot at curbside. One boy's inventory of shirts, for only 40 zlotys (or \$1) apiece, was a steal in itself.

Warsaw's reaction to the Gdansk rioting was swift and ferocious. The government literally sealed off the city. Western ships were ordered to leave the harbor. Trains were halted and flights into the Gdansk airport suspended because of "bad weather." Telephone operators refused to put through calls, explaining that there was "switchboard trouble." Roadblocks turned back inquisitive motorists.

Meanwhile, army tanks rumbled into the city and police bombed demonstrators with tear gas from helicopters



POLISH ARMOR IN SZCZECIN  
A gloom to match a city's mood.

bled. The government also announced that wages would be frozen.

The increases were necessary if even a modest economic revision were to work. But Warsaw's timing could not have been worse. Posted eleven days before Christmas in a staunchly Roman Catholic nation where the birth of Jesus is celebrated with gluttonous enthusiasm, the price rises were a direct provocation. Even the poorest family, for instance, sits down to a nine-course "Vigil Dinner" on Christmas Eve. So great was irritation over the government's moves that only a spark was needed to transform it into rebellion. The Lenin Shipyards provided that spark.

The Gdansk demonstrations quickly became a drama doubly motivated. While some protesters were setting fire to party headquarters, others were looting stores in gestures of need or greed. Men dashed to safety with looted over-

hovering overhead. Blaming "hooligans" and "rowdies" for the disorders, Radio Gdansk interrupted regular programming to announce a dusk-to-dawn curfew imposed by the Presidium of the Provincial Council; public gatherings were also banned. In addition, the Presidium appealed to "civic consciousness to guarantee peace in our town." It warned that it would utilize "all means" to restore order and told militiamen to shoot to kill. Despite the tough measures—and Warsaw's initial effort to keep silent about the protests—word of the riot spread quickly throughout Poland; Gdansk itself remained in turmoil for three days.

The rage of riot, arson and disorder eventually reached a point at which the central government was forced to acknowledge it openly. Warsaw television showed a 21-minute film segment of overturned autos and charred buildings



POZNAN DEMONSTRATORS IN 1956  
With a party secretary on their shoulders.

in Gdansk—but no protesting workers. Premier Józef Cyrankiewicz appeared on TV prime time to deplore the riots and to admit “a number of dead in the teens.” The toll was undoubtedly higher; the first nongovernment estimate was at least 20 killed and 700 injured. Among the dead were “officials,” meaning police. Indirectly, the Premier indicated that some of the demonstrators were armed; troops, he admitted, had fired on the crowds in self-defense.

“These are the tragic consequences of a lack of prudence,” Cyrankiewicz told the nation. “Hostile forces are trying to create new centers of anarchy, disturb the rhythm of normal work in

factories and disorganize the life of the country.” They included anarchists, hoodlums and criminal elements, he said. He threatened that “organs of militia, the security service and cooperating organs are under obligation to take up all legal means of enforcement—including the use of weapons against all persons committing acts of violence.”

Understanding the matter considerably, an editorial in the party's Warsaw newspaper, *Trybuna Ludu*, declared that the week's events were “an important lesson for the whole party.” As Gomulka's shattered government was assessing that lesson, so were other Communist regimes. Rumania's Nicolae Ceausescu

pointedly assured his Central Committee that Bucharest had ample meat, butter, fish and grain for the entire winter. Bulgaria's party weekly *Pogled* stressed that the government had no intention of raising prices. East Germany, where official radio announced the existence of the disturbances before Warsaw did, moved troops into its Baltic towns to prevent any spread of the riots.

**Scapegoat Needed.** One fact that clearly disturbed all the East bloc leaders was that the rioters, for the most part, came from one of the richest and most advanced sectors of Poland, an area that indeed had been long and deliberately pampered by Warsaw. Though well paid by Polish standards, the workers were obviously unhappy. Just what to do about this situation was a major government problem. Students could be repressed, but that was not a viable tactic to use on the workers, on whom the government relies. Recognizing his dilemma, Gomulka offered a bit of a carrot to go with the stick. Warsaw ordered stores restocked in time for Christmas. Vice Premier Stanislaw Kociolek, 37, the quick-witted, energetic skyrocket of the Polish party, was dispatched to the Baltic to assess the situation. In Gdansk last week he went on radio to promise the workers an opportunity to air their grievances. To keep disorders from spreading, the program was jammed in other Polish cities.

Whether or not the government can prevent further protests, Poland's immediate future is bound to be grim. Gomulka's cherished reforms will almost certainly have to be postponed, which will lead to further consumer hardships and greater economic stagnation. The

## Gomulka: The Man Who Meant Poland

THROUGHOUT the week of rioting in Poland, the name of Wladyslaw Gomulka was conspicuously absent from the hortatory broadcasts of Radio Warsaw. To students of Communist behavioral psychology, the silent treatment was sure evidence that the remarkable and rebellious compromiser was struggling mightily behind the scenes to save his job.

There were ironies aplenty in the situation. As every Pole knows, it was the “bread and freedom” riots of Poznan that carried Gomulka to power in 1956; he was heralded then as the man who could hold the country together. In his own cautiously individualistic way, Gomulka did just that. His 14 years in office are proof that he has retained the wily political acumen that led Poles to describe him as “The Maestro.” No wonder that so many thoughtful Eastern Europeans have said: “To understand Poland, understand Gomulka.”

That is easier said than done. Dour and ascetic, commonsensical and un-

imaginative, intensely secretive about his private life—his wife Zofia has never been interviewed—Gomulka is totally a product of Poland's experience with Socialism. He was born 65 years ago in the small industrial town of Krosno, the son of an oilworker who had returned to the homeland after failing as an emigrant to America. The family was poor; young Wladyslaw left school at 14 and became a locksmith and a Socialist almost simultaneously.

After World War I, he began to work as a Communist labor organizer and in 1932 received the first of his many jail sentences from a right-wing Polish government. All told, Gomulka has spent about ten years of his life in confinement or prison. When Warsaw surrendered to the Germans at the onset of World War II, Gomulka joined the resistance movement under the Soviet aegis. At war's end, he became First Secretary of the party and a minister in Poland's new Communist-dominated Government of National Unity. But Gomulka, an ardent



POLAND'S GOMULKA

military budget, which was to have been lowered as a result of the Warsaw Treaty, will probably not be slashed, since the army demonstrated its value—and power—in stemming the riots. The “normalization” of foreign relations that had been expected following successful negotiations with Willy Brandt may have to be suspended.

Quite clearly, the week of disorder demands a scapegoat. The riots could lead to a struggle for power within the Central Committee between Gomulka and his Stalinist and ultranationalist opponents, who never did accept the new economic strategy. Gomulka's enemies have ample ammunition to use against him. The riots indicated how much the party apparatus was out of touch with the people—and, as the man responsible for party policy, Gomulka can hardly avoid his share of the blame for that situation. Within Poland, there has been a growing sentiment that the First Secretary may have been in office too long, and is not quite attuned to realities any more. Each day, the story goes in Warsaw, Gomulka sends his secretary out for cigarettes with too little money, not realizing that the price of tobacco has doubled. An aide quietly gives the secretary additional change.

The ultimate verdict on Gomulka, of course, rests not with Warsaw but with Moscow, which regards him as a good friend but would sacrifice him if hard-lining Polish Communists insisted. The Russians, however, gave little indication of their sentiments. Brief Polish communiqués on the riots were broadcast in Moscow, but without comment. The three army divisions that Russia maintains in Poland were alerted, but they re-



LOOTERS RANSACKING STORE IN GDANSK  
The “hoologans” led to “switchboard trouble.”

mained in their barracks. Obviously, the Russians were waiting to see how well the Poles handled the problem.

Desperately eager to check the disturbances with no further loss of life, the Polish government at week's end took a more conciliatory stance—even though the curfews remained in effect and tanks stood guard. “We do not want people to be injured,” said Radio Warsaw. “We do not want people to die.” In a rare admission of party failure, *Trybuna* conceded that the sharp and sudden price increases had been responsible for starting the trouble. (The newspaper also insisted, of course, that the rioters had been

misled by rumors and misinformation.)

Temporarily, at least, the presence of guns had quelled the demand for butter. But there was good reason for the party chieftains to fear that similar demonstrations might flare up again, particularly if nothing is done about the causes that sparked them. As a final irony, it may be that the atheist leaders of Poland have been given a respite by the mere fact that the riots broke out just before the most joyous of Christian feasts. By heritage, Poland as a nation would be more inclined to spend the season—even a season of discontent—merrymaking at home rather than troublemaking in the streets.

nationalist as well as a Communist, soon ran afoul of the Stalinist tendencies in the Polish party. He had long insisted that his homeland must follow the “Polish road to Socialism,” that it could not imitate the Soviet Union. He opposed collectivization and supported Tito. For this behavior he was forced to acknowledge “self-criticism” in 1949 and was relieved of his posts. He was arrested in 1951 and remained a virtual prisoner until 1956, when the party, shattered by the Poznan riots, saved itself by choosing Gomulka to rebuild Polish Communism.

Initially hailed as a Red liberal, Gomulka proved to be far more complex than that easy description suggested. True, he brought about a period of liberalization in the late 1950s that, for a time, made Poland the most open of the East bloc nations. After he brought some Stalinists into the Politburo in 1959, he began gradually to snipe at the church and the intellectuals. Conditions reached their worst in 1968 after the suppression of the student demonstrations.

In recent years, the few jokes told about Gomulka have been malicious and cruel—befitting a hero who has disappointed his followers. To his credit,

though, are a number of major achievements. He guided Poland through a peaceful transition out of Stalinism, banishing the police terror and permitting a climate of mild intellectual freedom. He succeeded in persuading Nikita Khrushchev to remove Soviet “advisers” from Polish ministries and to limit the role of Russian troops stationed in Poland. He established a *modus vivendi* with the Catholic Church, which still baptizes 98% of all Polish infants. The Treaty of Warsaw, which he argued for, ended the state of hostilities between Poland and West Germany.

Although his most notable failure is on the economic front, Gomulka made other mistakes that gradually whittled away the size of his constituency. His acceptance of the Moscow line condemning Israel for its role in the Six-Day War angered many Poles who, despite their country's long tradition of anti-Semitism, regard the Israelis as fellow victims of Hitler's aggression. After the “Prague springtime” of 1968, Gomulka urged Warsaw Pact intervention to restore Czechoslovakia to orthodoxy. The specter of Polish troops participating in the invasion of a neighboring country—and

marching side by side with East German soldiers—horrified the Polish public.

If the Soviets decide to drop Gomulka because of the riots—as they did Czechoslovakia's Antonin Novotny in 1968—they may have some trouble picking a strong successor. Mieczyslaw Moczar, a fervent anti-Zionist and also a wartime hero of the Communist partisans, has long been regarded as the Soviets'—and Gomulka's—enemy. Gomulka's protégé and Vice Premier, Stanislaw Kotielek, had special responsibility for the Gdansk area, and thus has been credited by the rioting. A more likely candidate is Edward Giersek, 57, the Politburo's leading technocrat, who as the party boss of Katowice has made the Polish mines the safest and most automated in the world.

The Soviets know full well that Polish workers last week attacked Gomulka's party headquarters and burned the party records—even as rebelling Polish peasants in former times used to race to the manor house to burn the tax rolls and debtors' rolls. Gomulka has survived defeat before, but after such exquisite humiliation, the day of this durable dictator may be almost over.



## SOVIET UNION

### The Attack on Solzhenitsyn

Once again, Russia's heavy artillery was rolled out against that nation's greatest living novelist last week. In a major policy pronouncement, the Communist Party newspaper *Pravda* vowed that vigilance would henceforth be exercised to "sweep away" Alexander Solzhenitsyn and other "wretched renegades." The author's banned novels, *Cancer Ward* and *The First Circle*, which were bestsellers in the West, were excoriated by *Pravda* as "lampoons on the Soviet Union which blacken the achievements of our fatherland and the dignity of the Soviet people."

Even more ominously, the paper equated Solzhenitsyn with dissidents, like Andrei Amalrik, who are now serving sentences in concentration camps for precisely the offenses *Pravda* attributes to Solzhenitsyn. So menacing was *Pravda's* denunciation that many Sovietologists fear for the writer's physical safety. They believe that Soviet hard-liners, angered by the Nobel Prize award to Solzhenitsyn this month, have increased the pressure to bring the beleaguered author to trial.

**Key Figure.** Solzhenitsyn's arrest would be the cruel but logical culmination of a three-year effort by the KGB, the Soviet secret police, to fabricate a case against him based on Article 70 of the Russian criminal code. That article makes it a crime, punishable by seven years' imprisonment, for a writer deliberately to "disseminate slander" about the Soviet system in Russia or abroad. In order to build a case that could appear plausible in court, the KGB has planted Solzhenitsyn's forbidden manuscripts, together with spurious "authorizations," on unsuspecting Western publishers. Many Sovietologists believe that the key figure in this elaborate plot is one Pavel Licko, a sometime Czechoslovak journalist but also a longtime Soviet intelligence officer.

Licko first met Solzhenitsyn in 1967, when he called on the writer at his former home in Ryazan, a city that is out of bounds to foreigners. Unaware that Licko had held a top post in the Slovak Central Committee during the Stalinist terror, Solzhenitsyn accorded him an interview—the first he had ever given a foreigner. On the strength of the interview, which was published in several European countries, Licko later visited London, where he boasted of his supposed intimacy with Solzhenitsyn; he also signed an affidavit saying that the author had entrusted him with a manuscript of *Cancer Ward* and had asked him to place it for publication in England. In addition, Licko tried to persuade Western newsmen to print an assortment of fantastic stories and patent lies that made Solzhenitsyn out to be a traitor to his country.

When fragmentary reports reached Solzhenitsyn in Russia of his purported "authorization" of *Cancer Ward*, he sent

letters to two European newspapers denying that he had authorized any Western firm to publish it. Told by friends that Licko had claimed to represent him in the sale of the novel, the author stated categorically that he had never even given the man a manuscript, let alone instructions about its publication.

**More Ammunition.** During the brief Dubček liberalization in 1968, Licko was fired from his magazine job by colleagues who apparently shared the widespread suspicion that he worked for the KGB. After the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, however, Licko again enjoyed the status he had held under the terroristic regime of Party Chief Rudolf Slansky. By 1969, he had been promoted to editor-in-chief of a Czechoslovak

GLADYS TRANWOLD



SOLZHENITSYN AT HOME  
"Wretched renegade."

vak Communist propaganda magazine.

Last September, Licko was suddenly arrested on charges of "damaging the interests of the Czechoslovak Republic abroad." He is still awaiting trial. "Very few liberals, and certainly no hard-liners, have been arrested in Czechoslovakia since the invasion," British Sovietologist Leopold Labedz points out. "Then why Licko?" he asks. Labedz and other experts believe that the KGB may be sacrificing an agent to obtain more ammunition against Solzhenitsyn. If Licko is tried for "representing" Solzhenitsyn abroad, the KGB can probably count on him to testify to the same lies he once attempted to foist on journalists. Licko's testimony could then serve the Soviet prosecution in the event of a political show trial of Solzhenitsyn.

Britain's Robert Conquest, a specialist on the brutal Soviet purges of 1937-38, considers such a trial likely. "Solzhe-

nitsyn's arrest," he says, "would be a major political decision, signifying a war to the death against all opposition in Russia, and a reversion to the tightest kind of totalitarian control."

## SPAIN

### Return of the "Ultras"?

On cue, shops and banks shut down all over Madrid. Government offices closed, looting a flood of loyal bureaucrats onto the streets. They joined blue-shirted youths carrying the black-and-red banners of the Falange, aging veterans proudly sporting their Spanish Civil War ribbons, and thousands of ordinary men and women. By high noon, an estimated 500,000 Madrileños had crowded into the broad Plaza de Oriente, which faces the imposing 18th century royal palace. For two hours, the mob waved banners—one read GOD SAVE US FROM WEAK GOVERNMENT—sang hymns, chanted Falangist slogans, and shot their right arms up in a rigid fascist salute to the empty second-floor balcony.

Not until the horde had settled into a ravenous chant of "Franco! Franco! Franco! Franco!" did the Caudillo step onto the balcony. Dressed in a heavy gray overcoat, and looking all of his 78 years, he could hardly have found his reception disappointing. When the crowd saw Prince Juan Carlos, Spain's future king, at Franco's side, they shouted "Franco solo! Franco solo!" Paling visibly, the young prince quickly stepped back. "Spaniards!" croaked Francisco Franco in his high voice. "Thank you for this explosion of faith and enthusiasm, seconded by the people who believe in the destiny of the motherland."

**Street Referendum.** Though it was all carefully orchestrated—right down to the light planes towing VIVA FRANCO banners overhead—the mammoth rally nonetheless gave evidence that Franco could still count on the fealty of the working-class Falangists who brought him to power 31 years ago. The last time he had called for such a show of public allegiance was in 1946, when his seven-year-old regime was under extreme pressure from abroad to democratize. This time, the threat was internal—perhaps the most serious Franco has faced.

The focal point of the crisis was not in Madrid, but 130 miles away in Burgos. There in a military court 16 young radicals from Spain's northern Basque country are on trial on charges of assorted "separatist-terrorist-Communist activities." The 16 are members of the E.T.A. (for *Euzkadi* at *Askatasuna*—"Basque Land and Liberty" in Basque), a small, militant group of terrorists who profess to be fighting for local autonomy.

The regime had envisioned the trial as the climax of a two-year campaign to crush, once and for all, a nationalist resurgence in Spain's four Basque provinces. But the kidnapping of Eugen Beihl, a West German diplomat still held hostage somewhere in Spain, proved that the



E.T.A. was still in business; moreover, when the trial got under way, an unprecedented wave of strikes, demonstrations and clashes with police erupted in every major city in Spain. Thus the courtroom drama escalated into a kind of noisy street referendum on the regime itself.

**Silent Majority.** Though most of Spain's 2,000,000 Basques—prosperous, Catholic and deeply conservative—care little about the E.T.A.'s fuzzy vision of "a socialist Basque state," the provinces fell in behind the Burgos 16. Unsettled by stories of police torture and by the fact that two of the defendants are priests, Spain's complacent and pro-Franco bishops united in a plea for "maximum clemency." Even more distressing to the regime were leaked reports that high Spanish officials, among them Foreign Minister Gregorio López Bravo, were grumbling privately about the trial. When 300 prominent artists and intellectuals began a 48-hour sit-in at the Abbey of Montserrat near Barcelona, the center of Spain's Catalan autonomy movement, officials demanded that Abbot Cassia Mauro just throw them all out on grounds that the protest was "a provocation." Replied the burly abbot: "So was the Burgos court-martial."



PRO-FRANCO MADRILEÑOS SWARMING INTO PLAZA DE ORIENTE



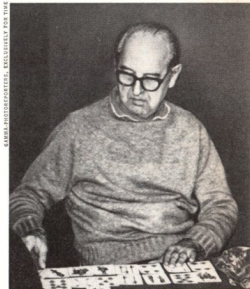
ARMY GENERALS & THE CAUDILLO

Last week, though, it was the turn of the "ultras"—Spain's hard-liners—and they struck back in force. Under strong pressure from army officers who filled newspapers with open letters denouncing "outrages committed by minorities," Franco called an emergency Cabinet meeting. The Cabinet invoked emergency powers that allow suspected troublemakers to be jailed for up to six months without trial. Meanwhile, the streets were taken over by what one pro-Franco newspaper, not very originally, called "the silent majority." In Burgos, where the five-man military court was still pondering the case—their decision may not be announced until after Christmas—demonstrators paraded through town chanting "Long live the army!"

**Hard-liners v. Technocrats.** Never in Franco's rule had Spain's divisions been so deep or so public. The issue was not so much the Basques as the shape of post-

Franco Spain itself. A rash of campus protests in Madrid and Barcelona nearly two years ago was all the excuse the generals needed to demand that Franco scuttle his five-year experiment in "liberalization" of state controls on the press, the labor unions and the universities—or face a military coup. There were signs last week that the hard-liners had summoned up the fading Falange to battle a new target: the "technocrats." These are mostly members of the secretive but apolitical Catholic lay organization Opus Dei, whose adherents control much of Spain's commerce and communications.

The Opus Dei technocrats are credited with the financial savvy and discipline that has pulled Spain out of the economic Dark Ages over the past 13 years. Partly as a reward, partly because Franco recognized that they alone could lead Spain into Europe and the Common Market, Franco last winter ceded to



HOSTAGE BEIHL IN E.T.A. HIDEOUT  
High noon for Franco.

them the commanding voice in the government. The ascendancy of Opus Dei has deeply wounded the once supreme Falangists, who fought beside the Caudillo in the '30s. They vented their rage last week in front of the royal palace, shouting "Franco sí, gobierno no!"—"Franco yes, the government no!"

The technocrats did not have to shout to make themselves heard. The two most prominent supporters of Opus Dei—Foreign Minister López Bravo and Economic Planning Minister Laureano López Rodó—simply failed to show up at last week's Cabinet meeting.

## BRITAIN

### Oiling the Machinery

Piccadilly Circus once again gave forth its familiar neon glow. Parliament put away its candles and kerosene lanterns. Elevators could be counted on to go up and down. Unheated flats grew warm, and unlit streets became bright. The blackouts (TIME, Dec. 21) that for nearly a week had affected as much as one-quarter of Britain at any given moment were finally over.

Capitulating to growing public anger and to popular support for the Conservative government's hard-line stand against inflationary wage increases, the 125,000 Electrical Trades Union (E.T.U.) workers abandoned their crippling power slowdown. While the E.T.U. power men did not give up their demands (a \$13.92 increase over current average weekly earnings of \$57.60), they submitted to adjudication of their wage claims by a Special Court of Inquiry charged with formally taking the national interest into account.

**Alien Provisions.** Whether the E.T.U.'s capitulation proves to be a lasting victory for Tory Prime Minister Edward Heath depends on whether or not the Court of Inquiry rules in favor of the Electricity Council, which had offered the workers only \$4.80 more a week. Nonetheless, Heath's success in preserving his hard line has for the moment given pause to imminent inflationary wage claims by other nationalized public workers, including employees of Britain's railway, post office and waterworks. It has also increased his personal popularity. A Gallup poll taken during the E.T.U. slowdown indicated that 45% of the populace approved of Heath's performance as Prime Minister, while 42% were dissatisfied—a dramatic reversal of the 39% v. 45% showing last month.

Heath's image as a tough-minded inflation fighter was also improved last week when Parliament approved in principle his government's Industrial Relations Bill. The bill would make labor contracts legally binding, with damage payments levied against unions that violate its terms. It would also introduce secret strike ballots and 60-day cooling-off periods for proposed strikes that threaten national health, safety or the economy.

The Labor Party, led by former Prime Minister Harold Wilson, angrily denounced the bill and compared it to America's Taft-Hartley Act. Said Wilson in a speech to Parliament: "We do not believe that we have anything very much to learn from the U.S. in industrial relations matters. Yet we are being asked to vote for a bill which almost exclusively conveys into our law irrelevant and alien provisions from the United States." Nevertheless, the bill was approved by a 44-vote margin—14 more than the Tory majority.

After overseeing approval of his labor measure, Heath flew to Canada for a meeting with Prime Minister Trudeau, followed by a two-day visit with Presi-



HEATH & NIXON AT WHITE HOUSE  
A "natural relationship."

dent Nixon. In Washington, Heath and Nixon discussed foreign policy and economic problems. Heath stressed that Britain's role in Europe, through its proposed entry into the Common Market, could only benefit what he called the "natural relationship" between the U.S. and Britain, as well as "the Atlantic Alliance and the whole Free World." He indicated concern with Congress's inclination toward protectionist trade policies that could cut by 20% Britain's annual \$2.2 billion in exports to the U.S. The two heads of government also issued a joint statement calling for the resumption of the Jarring Arab-Israeli talks. And they conferred about this week's U.S. decision to establish a small air-naval-and-communications base on the British-held atoll of Diego Garcia to help offset the Soviet Union's growing naval presence in the Indian Ocean.

The amicable talks apparently ended a period of relations between Washington and London that Heath himself had described as being bogged down with "trusted machinery." All in all, the Prime Minister seemed to have successfully oiled machinery on both sides of the Atlantic.

## CUBA

### The Subs of Cienfuegos

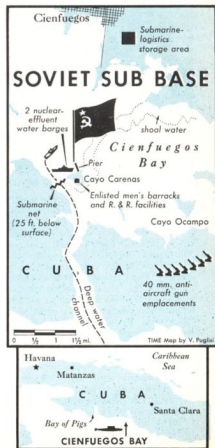
Last September the White House announced that the Soviet Union was building a base to service missile-carrying submarines at the south Cuban port of Cienfuegos. The news set off shock waves of fear that an East-West confrontation comparable to the 1962 Cuban missile crisis was imminent. But then the Soviets removed their submarine tender from Cienfuegos, and the moment of alarm seemed to pass.

Despite President Nixon's press-conference statement that he was unworried by Soviet naval presence in the western Atlantic, there is some evidence that the crisis has merely been postponed. U-2 reconnaissance photographs show that the

base is almost complete (see map). In addition to bunkers for storing submarine-borne nuclear weapons, the Russians have built a steel antisubmarine barrier net between the shore and the island of Cayo Carenas and have installed anti-aircraft emplacements. They have also built a pier for docking submarines and elaborate rest and recreation facilities. The bay now contains two storage barges designed to receive the discharges of nuclear-contaminated effluent from submarines. The tender that touched off the September announcement is still cruising the Caribbean, and could return to Cienfuegos at any time.

**Double Capacity.** One U.S. naval official describes the Cienfuegos base as "smaller than Holy Loch and larger than Rota," referring to U.S. nuclear submarine bases in Scotland and Spain. It could service any of the Soviet navy's 76 nuclear submarines, including those of the Polaris-type *Yankee* class, of which the Soviets presently have 13. The practical strategic effect of the base will be to double the Soviets' nuclear submarine capability in American waters; one *Yankee* submarine will be able to perform a surveillance mission that required two such ships before.

The Nixon Administration faces a dilemma over how to react to the base at Cienfuegos. An outright confrontation with the Soviet Union, in an area deep



within the traditional "U.S. sphere of influence," would almost certainly rule out the advancement of top-priority Administration objectives concerning the SALT talks, the war in Viet Nam, and the stalemate in the Middle East. The U.S. seems to be resigned to the presence of Soviet naval vessels in the Caribbean, with the submarines serviced in international waters from a tender based in Cuba. But it hopes that the Soviets will not force the issue by putting the Cienfuegos base into operation.

Ever since 1962, State Department officials have alluded to a vaguely defined "understanding" between John Kennedy and Nikita Khrushchev that the U.S. would not invade Cuba if the Soviets did not build strategic bases or install nuclear weapons there. Last month the White House let it be known that this understanding had been "renewed." In the meantime, however, the Cienfuegos base is all but ready to service Soviet nuclear missile submarines.

## INDIA

### Reprieve for the Rajahs

One of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi's major political goals has been to abolish the special privileges long accorded to India's 278 maharajahs and rajahs. Last September, after Parliament failed to approve a bill that would amend the constitution and reduce their highnesses to just plain misters, she ordered the President of India, V.V. Giri, to issue a decree achieving the same goal.

To her chagrin, the nation's Supreme Court last week struck down her cherished accomplishment by a 9-to-2 margin. The court agreed with the princes that the decree violated their traditional property rights as guaranteed by the constitution and was therefore illegal.

At least for a while, the princes will continue to enjoy the dazzling array of perquisites that have been theirs ever since the British left India. Their palaces are guarded at government expense and maharajahs are entitled to salutes of anywhere from eleven to 64 guns. Even more important, the princes will be restored to their tax-free, government-provided privy purses, which range from a lordly \$345,000 for the Maharajah of Mysore to a lowly \$26.50 for the Talukdar of Katodia.

It is virtually certain, however, that Mrs. Gandhi will not allow the court's ruling to stand. Although Parliament adjourned last weekend, she may well introduce at the next session new legislation designed to circumvent the judges' objections. Such a bill might easily pass next time, since it initially failed by a scant one-third of a vote to get the required two-thirds majority in the Rajya Sabha, Parliament's upper house. There are even rumors that she may dissolve Parliament and call for new elections, using the ruling on the princes as a rallying point to gain a larger majority. In a land where the average annual income is only \$70, the princely privileges might well prove to be a popular and politically effective issue.



PRINCES ON ELEPHANT  
Riding on borrowed time.



SAIGON HOUSES WITH PAINTED FLAGS  
No angel of death.

## SOUTH VIET NAM

### Beware: Wet Paint

Almost overnight, the symbol was everywhere to be seen. On the doors and porch posts of houses, huts and hovels from the Delta to the highlands, millions of neatly painted South Vietnamese flags suddenly appeared, in gorgeous hues of canary yellow and crimson.

Saigon officials and U.S. advisers insisted that they had no part in the flag painting. But the phenomenon began after President Nguyen Van Thieu announced a stepped-up pacification program following President Nixon's suggestion in October of a standstill cease-fire. In such a cease-fire (known locally as a "leopard-skin" arrangement), blotches of Viet Cong-held territory would be interspersed with strongpoints controlled by the Saigon government. Word soon reached Saigon's functionaries that any village that was to be regarded as government-controlled should be marked with flags—which reminded some observers of the origin of Passover, when the ancient Jews smeared their doors with blood to keep away the angel of death. Often using paint procured by American district advisers with U.S. funds earmarked for "high-impact projects," pacification cadres and Popular Force soldiers began painting the most hotly contested villages first. In many cases, armed guards had to be sent in to get the flags painted.

U.S. intelligence officials insist that the Communist guerrillas are so disturbed by Thieu's attempt to paint all of South Viet Nam into his corner that they have launched a campaign to deface the ubiquitous flags. Even so, the whole effort struck some as absurd. The Vietnamese satirical magazine *Mosquito*, for example, has recommended that to help the government distinguish between Communists and loyalists, "each citizen should have his head shaved like a monk and then have the national flag painted on it."



## PEOPLE

Several prominent leaders of the Women's Lib movement have raised a new banner to battle under: bisexuality. Reacting to TIME's story (Dec. 14) reporting Militant **Kate Millett's** public admission that she is "bisexual," nine Women's Lib leaders held a press conference last week in New York City to announce common cause with "the struggle of homosexuals to attain their liberation in a sexist society." The leaders, including Millett herself, **Ti-Grace Atkinson** of the National Organization of Women, and Writers **Gloria Steinem**, **Sally Kempton** and **Susan Brownmiller**, issued a prepared statement. Excerpt: "Lesbian is a label used as a psychic weapon to keep women locked into their male-defined 'feminine role.' The essence of that role is that a woman is defined in terms of her relationship to men. A woman is called a lesbian when she functions autonomously. Woman's autonomy is what Women's Liberation is all about."

The impact of Actor **Jackie Gleason** on Rudolph Walter Wanderone Jr. goes on and on. When Gleason played a pool shark called Minnesota Fats in *The Hustler* (1961), Wanderone, then known as New York Fats, was moved to sue. But the cash value of the movie's publicity made him change his mind—and his monicker; instead of trying to beat them, he joined them. As **Minnesota Fats**, he prospered, became president of a billiards-equipment company and starred in a TV show. Now he, not Gleason, is playing Minnesota Fats in a movie called *The Player*, currently being shot in Baton Rouge, La. Too well known for hustling, Fats now plays exhibition games

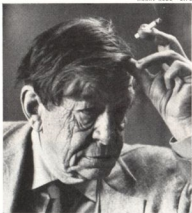


MINNESOTA FATS  
On film.

—with no frills. After watching dinner-jacketed players at a New York tournament, he once observed that "dressing a pool player in a tuxedo is like putting whipped cream on a hot dog."

After carefully inspecting the mouth of their gift horse, a committee of 15 students from Amherst, Hampshire, Smith, Mount Holyoke and the University of Massachusetts decided last week to accept \$25,000 from **John D. Rockefeller III**. He had offered to pay expenses for a student-faculty study to determine what kind of social-improvement project might be carried out in the Connecticut River valley (TIME, Dec. 21). The students had refused to take the money until they could check out Rockefeller's motives—64 is, after all, quite a bit over 30.

What is the purpose of poetry? One well-qualified practitioner of the art supplied an answer at a doctors' meeting



W.H. AUDEN  
On poetry.

in Manhattan. Said Poet **Wystan H. Auden**, 63: "To enable people a little better to enjoy life, or a little better to endure it." What is a minor poet? The furrowed face broke into a smile: "If you take two poems by one man and read them, and you can't tell which was written first, that is a minor poet." The subject of education evoked another satisfyingly sweeping statement: "Political history is far too criminal a subject to be a fit thing to teach children. Art history, literary history, yes—but not political history."

Last week, after modeling his new, somewhat military bathrobe at a West Point preview, Funnyman **Bob Hope**, 67, put his show on the G.I. road for the 20th Christmas season. Hope's send-off included a Christmas supercard signed by President Nixon, Vice President Agnew, the Governors of the 50 states and all the members of Congress. He also got a holiday shopping assignment: he's to



BOB HOPE  
On the road.

"buy the boys soft drinks" with a check for \$8,000 from the Women's Christian Temperance Union. With an 87-member troupe including Actress **Ursula Andress**, Cincinnati Reds Catcher **Johnny Bench**, and Miss World **Jennifer Hosten**, Hope will spend 15 days at military installations in Britain, West Germany, the Mediterranean, Thailand, Korea, Alaska and, of course, Viet Nam. "I hope it's the last time I get to Viet Nam," said Bob, "and I think it will be."

Life continued to imitate a detective story in the ongoing **Howard Hughes** mystery last week. No fewer than nine private investigators moved into rooms directly beneath the Hughes suite on the ninth floor of Nassau's Britannia Beach Hotel, their suitcases crammed with bugging devices, amplifiers and detailed maps of the island. Perhaps nine was a few too many to be inconspicuous; perhaps they were out-bugged from above. In any case, they were spotted, questioned and turned over to Bahamian authorities by agents of Intertel, a security firm employed by the Hughes Tool Co. "Get off the island," said the Bahamians to the Private Ears, and off they went, without so much as a coded call for help.

From Saigon word came that **General Creighton Abrams Jr.**, 56, commander of U.S. forces in South Viet Nam who previously indicated no religious preference, has joined the Roman Catholic Church. Meanwhile, back at the Pentagon, Secretary of Defense **Melvin R. Laird** dedicated a small room in the A-ring as a place for meditation and prayer. "In a sense, this ceremony marks the completion of the Pentagon," said Secretary Laird, "Peace is the business of this building."



## THE PRESS

### Death at the Hospital

Nothing fails like success. Example: *The Weekender*, a shoestring weekly in Traverse City, Mich., that was mildly successful at reporting offbeat stories and doing a bit of gentle muckraking until last Aug. 11 at 6:30 a.m.

That was the hour when a General Motors tool repairman named Francis Cronk accepted a collect call from the Traverse City state hospital for mental patients. His mentally retarded son, John David Cronk, 26, had died. The hospital autopsy claimed "acute pulmonary congestion." Dismayed, the Cronks ordered another autopsy by a private pathologist, Dr. Charles E. Black. His report was startling: death had resulted from severe chest and abdominal injuries, including contusions of the lungs, stomach and diaphragm, apparently caused by beatings. Three weeks later, *Weekender* published its own account of Cronk's death as well as a series of interviews revealing that beatings were not uncommon in Hall Six, a section for violent patients, where John Cronk had been confined.

**Blacklist.** By no means a madhouse on a haunted hill, the hospital is run conscientiously by Dr. Duane Sommerness, who since becoming medical superintendent of the institution in 1956, has made notable improvements. When he took over, there were seven doctors for 3,000 patients; now the ratio is 30 to 1,688, with 1,070 other employees, a ratio recommended by the American Psychiatric Association. Today, 54% of the patients come of their own accord; 15 years ago, only 10% did so, and the average stay has been reduced from three years to less than twelve months.

In Cronk's case, Sommerness did not deny that beating was a possibility. But he attacked the newspaper instead of the problem. Hospital committees were

formed to write letters to the newspaper's advertisers protesting the articles. "I feel so strongly about these articles," wrote Mrs. Wilma Schmidt, director of nursing, "that I would not be able to do business with any company that continues to support this type of sensational journalism. I'm sure many of our employees feel this way." A list of *Weekender* advertisers was posted on the hospital's bulletin board; people on the list began getting anonymous phone calls ranging from obscene to threatening.

**Perverved Power.** Boasting an annual budget of \$11.5 million, Traverse City Hospital wields considerable influence in the town (pop. 17,700). The manager of the local Sears, Roebuck and Co. store, David C. Zemke, wrote to Sommerness: "We will refrain from further use of this media. Please assure your employees that we value their patronage very highly and are indeed sorry if we offended them." After hospital officials threatened to move the institution's bank accounts, the National Bank and Trust Co. also canceled its advertising. So did Robert Dean, president of Red Mill Lumber Co., pointing out that "a boycott by employees and their friends would have been staggering."

Michigan Attorney General Frank J. Kelley investigated, then wrote a letter to the state's department of mental health. "We make no judgment relating to the hospital's handling of the Cronk matter," wrote the attorney general. He itemized the high-pressure techniques against advertisers, and added: "Hospital officials have, in effect, made the state a party to an attempt to stifle freedom of the press by the use of economic pressures. [The hospital's] power has been perverted. Such action cannot be tolerated."

But the campaign continues. By last week, advertising in *Weekender* had dropped 40%, from 1,000 square-column inches per issue to only 600. Editor Suzanne Snyder, 26, and Publisher John McCann were forced to raise the price five cents a copy. She and the paper's two staffers cut their salaries from \$80 to \$27 a week. "When you've been economically squeezed to a point where you don't have enough to eat," she says, "you begin to think enough is enough. But by that time you're ready to plan the next issue."

### Vogue à la Moreau

Only a standard cover with a picture of a beautiful woman identifies the magazine as the latest Paris *Vogue*. Inside, things are far from standard. In an effort to increase circulation and dress up its Christmas issue, Paris *Vogue* has twice chosen a guest editor for its year-end edition. Last year she was Françoise Sagan, who limited her tasks to writing only a couple of pages. This year the choice was Actress Jeanne Moreau, who does nothing halfeheartedly.



EDITOR MOREAU  
Serious seductress.

"Being a beginner, it was natural that I should lean toward something I knew," she says. That means sensuality and films. So she asked 15 couturiers to create dresses capturing the personality of 20 film makers. Some of the results are nothing short of smashing, witness Emanuel Ungaro's idea of Andy Warhol: a floor-length cape punctured by hundreds of holes with plastic spheres swinging in the openings. Or from Lanvin, the dramatic Pier Paolo Pasolini creation: a black sweater that takes a breast-baring plunge to the waist, with bold-patterned Zouave pants. For the sensual part, Moreau had Henri Cartier-Bresson photograph five of her favorite men, then ran the pictures opposite blow-ups of the precise segments of a woman's body that most attracts each of them. There, in all its grace and graininess, is the small of the back for Actor Claude Rich; the belly, dappled with goose flesh, for Dancer Jean Babilée.

Moreau hates the cold, so she decided to do a ski-fashion layout as a photographic comic book, shot in a studio. She commissioned Playwright Françoise Dorin to write the scenario and got Actor Jean-Louis Trintignant and Actress Nathalie Delon (Alain's ex) to ham it up while modeling the necessary ski clothes. To caption 21 displays of Christmas-gift ideas, Moreau wrote poetry, which is reproduced in her own handwriting and reveals a whimsical side of the serious seductress:

*In the hollow of the shoulder a pearl  
Born of the breaking wave  
Bathed in the Orient's gleam  
I move only deliberately  
I am fragile*

Moreau seemed surprised by her own reaction to the female world of fashion magazines. "I loved working on the magazine," she says, "because it's full of women. Really, I mean it. I found I loved working with women because they do serious things lightly."



"WEEKENDER" EDITOR & PUBLISHER

# THERE ARE SOME JOBS WE WON'T TOUCH.

The tiniest speck of dust, the slightest trace of moisture can keep a tiny circuit from working.

So when we make them we have to maintain operating-room cleanliness; and we have to keep out all moisture.

One way to do this is by working on such parts inside sealed cabinets. Rubber gloves are sealed to circu-

lar openings on one side of the cabinets. When our people use these gloves, their hands, remain outside the cabinet, even though they're working inside.

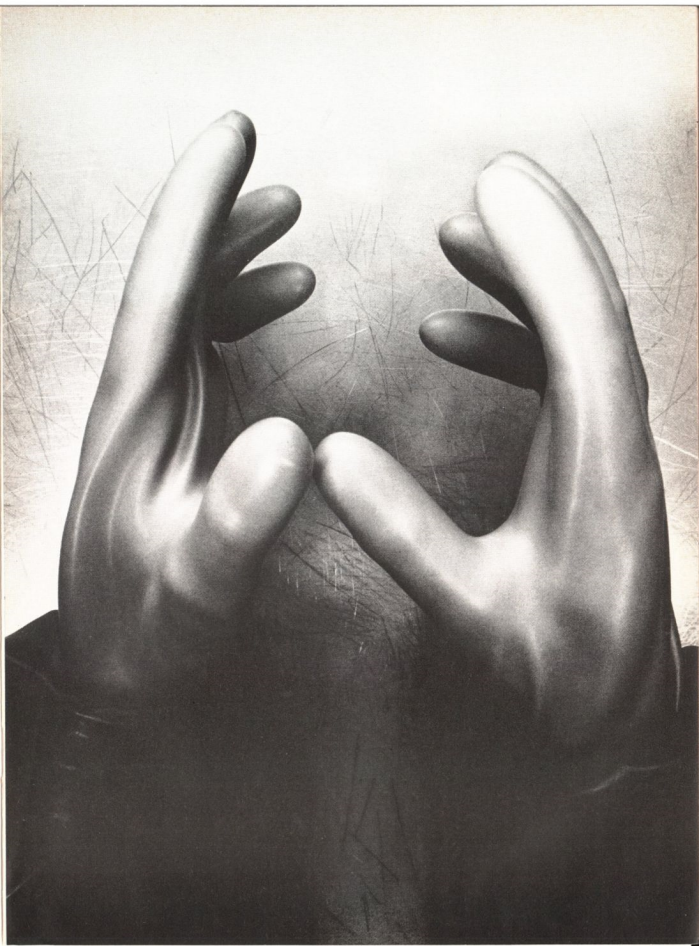
At Western Electric we're making more and more electronic parts that need this sort of treatment, because the equipment we're making is becoming more and more sophisti-

cated. It has to be, because it's handling millions more phone calls than it ever has before.

Western Electric. The people who make Bell telephones and the communications equipment of the future.



**Western Electric**



# EDUCATION

## Ah, Poets

*I wonder who that man is  
The one with the white teeth and  
big smile.  
He's very tall and funny,  
He writes poetry wonderfully,  
And he always gets nervous.  
He's a scatterbrain like me  
And he wears great big round  
glasses.  
He's got curly hair and a big  
face  
(No, he isn't Santa Claus)  
He is about 40, he looks about 35  
And he acts about 18.  
Oh now I remember—it's Mr. Koch.  
—Eliza Bailey, Age 12*

When the funny man with the big round glasses comes bouncing into the classroom at Manhattan's P.S. 61, the sixth-graders burst into applause. "Hi there, poets," says Kenneth Koch. "How about a Christmas poem today?" He suggests all sorts of ideas: "Like what would the ocean do if it really cared about Christmas? Or the eagles, sparrows and robins—what would they do? The apes in Africa, would they swing from the trees? Or Abraham Lincoln, would he shave his beard? The rain? The sun? And the people in Puerto Rico, or China . . ."

Without hesitation, their faces screwed up in concentration, the pre-teen poets attack their papers. Soon anxious hands wave in the air—"Mr. Koch! Mr. Koch!"—as the children bid to have their work approved. Koch bounces to each raised hand, never failing to be delighted with what he discovers.



KENNETH KOCH AT MANHATTAN'S P.S. 61  
No barriers like rhyme and meter.

"On Christmas day cars will laugh with their jelly mufflers," he reads aloud. "I love 'jelly mufflers,'" he laughs.

"Santa Claus is going on a diet." Oh, I like that," He laughs again, moving among what is now a forest of raised hands. One child, standing on tiptoe, drapes Koch's head with tinsel as if he were a Christmas tree. School—or, for that matter, writing poetry—was never like this.

**Secret Feelings.** Koch arrived at P.S. 61 two years ago. A noted poet and professor of English at Columbia, he brought with him a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, the suspicion that children are full of verse, and a determination to make them aware of it. His success is convincingly demonstrated in *Wishes, Lies, and Dreams*

(Chelsea House; \$7.95), a collection of his pupils' work. In a long introduction to the delightful primer, Koch tells how he did it and how other teachers can do it too.

Ignoring such "barriers" as rhyme and meter, Koch emphasized repetition, which is more natural to children. More important, he got the children to express their "secret feelings, their fantasies—turning them on to their imaginations." As he puts it: "There are lots of kids who have never been praised for saying the sky is purple." His first success came when he asked the class to begin each line with the words "I wish . . ." When Koch read their wish poems aloud, the children began waving, blushing, laughing and jumping up and down. Koch recalls: "It was the first

### FOR CHRISTMAS

*For Christmas the radishes are having a spelling bee.  
For Christmas the blackboard is going to the museum  
For Christmas the flag is going to Puerto Rico  
For Christmas the lights are going to the North Pole  
For Christmas the world is going to Venus  
For Christmas December 25 is going to have a party.  
For Christmas Lisa's going to eat her little heart out.*

Lisa Smalley, Age 11

### ALL MY PRESENTS

*I'd give Billy a box of dancing girls  
I'd give Vivian Pandora's Box  
I'd give Lisa eight diamond rings  
I'd give my grandmother anything  
I'd give Tommy Ireland  
I'd give Mommy one hundred thousand pots of popcorn  
I'd give my uncle the 2001 spaceship  
And I'd give Daddy the world  
I'd give Banana a one-hundred-key xylophone  
I'd give myself me.*

Tracy Roberts, Age 10

### THE CHRISTMAS TREE

*I dreamed I was a Christmas Tree  
Well, I will be when they cut me down  
I was two thousand years old  
My mother told me at one thousand years old  
I would be a very graceful Christmas tree  
There they come  
Down I come  
I woke up just as I was about to fall  
I was in the middle of the living room floor  
all dressed up  
I probably died and was reincarnated  
Oh now Christmas is over  
I didn't know they dump you  
I'll stick him with my needle  
Got him serves him right  
I'll run away die and be reincarnated as  
a person again  
My eyes opened once I was reincarnated again  
I'll never come back as a Christmas tree again  
Even though I was the best dressed one in the world.*

Marion Mackles, Age 11





## THE THEATER

time they realized that others had secret feelings too."

To the basic "I wish" formula. Koch had the children add colors, noises, even comic-book characters:

*I wish I were with Charlie Brown in a blue shirt in France.*

*I wish I was green with Superman in Negev Desert.*

From wishes, they progressed to comparisons ("A witch's coat is like a mussel's shell"), then to dreams and lies ("I was born nowhere/And I live in a tree."). The next step led to lines beginning "I used to . . ." alternated with "But now I . . ." This especially charmed the kids, perhaps because it reminded them of their own constant physical change. First-Grader Andrea Dockery offered a typical thought:

*I used to be a fish  
But now I am a nurse . . .*

**Huge Creatures.** Koch insists that any child can be attuned to poetry by any good teacher. He is now spreading that message by way of lectures and television (*The David Frost and Today* shows). NET will soon air a half-hour documentary filmed at P.S. 61. Though he has given up a regular schedule at the school (the program continues under Poet Ron Padgett), Koch likes to return every couple of weeks just for the fun of it. On each visit, he is startled to see how small the children really are: "From their poetry, I think of them as these huge creatures. And now I can't walk by an eight-year-old on the street without thinking, 'Ah, a poet.'"

### The Phantom Tackle

At Ohio's Wittenberg University this fall, the football team won all nine games, achieved its second unbeaten season, and became co-champion of the state conference. But last week disaster struck: Wittenberg was forced to forfeit all its 1970 games.

What threw Wittenberg for a loss was a slight sin of omission by Tackle Rick Mako, 21. Last spring, because of some unpaid bills, Rick skipped registering for his senior year; this fall the registrar's office told him it was too late. When a routine administrative check uncovered Rick's nonstudent status last week, Wittenberg sportingly confessed that it had fielded an ineligible player. Conference officials duly voided the team's record.

Why did Rick do it? "I kind of panicked," he says. "I got into a trap and didn't know what to do." Hiding his anguish inside his 215-lb. hulk, Rick continued to live in the apartment he shared with other students near the campus; he spent his days practicing football and lurking in the library instead of attending classes. Nobody knew the difference. As Wittenberg's Athletic Director Bill Edwards ruefully explained: "With so much independent study and so many seminars these days, it wasn't hard. He kind of lived a double life."

### Comic Tearjerker

If the entire world turned into a bleak desert of melancholy, Neil Simon would be an oasis of laughter. His eye for the wryly amusing incongruities of life, his zingy one-line gag-ripostes, his ardently skilled desire to be entertaining—all these have made him the leading U.S. comic playwright for more than a decade. But like the clown with the yen to play Hamlet, Simon has had the urge, and been critically urged, to try his hand at more serious drama. The result is *The Gingerbread Lady*, a schizoid play in which the dramatist is so busy applying plasters of wit to woe-

vorced from Evy, filters a ray of redemptive hope for her mother through the final curtain.

If this sounds like daytime TV soap opera, the play is perilously close to it—an unsettling kind of comic tearjerker. The various relationships are scarcely credible. It is impossible to believe that anyone as self-centered as the Von Furstenberg character could have nursed Evy through drinking bout after drinking bout, as she claims to have done. Maureen Stapleton gives a high-strung, neurotically personal performance, but we can never relate the woman onstage with the poster on the wall that says she once sang in Carnegie Hall. The

Evy before us might be a suburban housewife in a severe funk. Stapleton's hysteria is totally convincing, though she speaks in a peculiarly strident and monotonous voice. The unfailingly attractive Betsy von Furstenberg seems to be reciting her lines rather than delivering them. Lombard is most felicitously cast as the homosexual actor and is uncannily reminiscent of James Coco in *Last of the Red Hot Lovers*.

**Different Ending.** Probably Simon is too normal (if the word does not sound pejorative) to intuit the inner nature of the characters he has put onstage. He is too self-disciplined, too efficient, too morally responsible, ever to be able to understand an Evy except from the outside. Laughter is a form of incessant motion in Simon's work. It is a self-protective device by which his characters dodge



STAPLETON & VON FURSTENBERG IN "LADY"  
Dodging the bullets of pain.

fully bruised psyches that the evening is doubly robbed, both of honest hurt and buoyant humor.

The play focuses on a famed ex-songstress named Evy (Maureen Stapleton), who has succumbed to the demons of alcoholism and nymphomania. She has just come home from a drying-out session at a sanatorium. Will she or will she not hit the bottle and the bed again? This is the basic situation, and it is weak, in that the audience knows that she will, or there would be no play. Evy's two closest friends want to be loyal watchdogs, but their own shaky personalities make them abettors of despair. One is a middle-aged homosexual actor (Michael Lombard) who knows he will never make the grade in the theater. The other is a self-pampering narcissist (Betsy von Furstenberg), whose mentality is simply a cosmetic extension of her face. With inexplicable love and concern, Evy's teen-age daughter (Ayn Ruymen) by a husband long since di-

the bullets of real pain. Simon uses a joke both to ward off hurt and to assuage it. In a play like *The Gingerbread Lady*, this use of laughter vitiates any deep emotion the moment after it is aroused.

While this is one way of enduring sorrow, it is also a way of concealing the self from the self. Before Simon rewrote part of *The Gingerbread Lady* on the road tour (mostly the third act), it had a different ending. In that former final scene, the lights are low. Evy is boozed out of her mind, and the record player is spinning one of her old romantic hits. She has just invited a Puerto Rican grocery boy to sit down in her living room, and we know she is going to go to bed with him. It was an unutterably sad scene, and it had the poignant reality of something out of Tennessee Williams. Clearly, there was a truth in that sadness that Neil Simon could not, and may never, bring himself to face.

■ T.E. Kalem

## "The Glory of the Lord Shone Round About Them"

WHETHER God is dead or not, his angels seem to be. The angel in 1970 is mere commercial décor—a mothlike doll with pink wings and a smirk of good cheer, dangling amid the glitter balls on a thousand plastic Yule trees or twanging its polystyrene harp in the window of a Brooklyn store. In fact, Christmas is about the only area of our culture in which angels survive at all. An archangel, Gabriel, told the Virgin Mary that she would bear the son of God; it was an angel (progenitor of a billion Christmas cards) who appeared to the shepherds in a field near Bethlehem to proclaim the birth of Christ. Or rather, it "came upon them; and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid."

No Macy's angel, that one. The awe that angels inspired in those who saw them, the terrible sense of epiphany, the momentary contact with God's blazing ambassador—all this has been lost in a welter of tinsel and feathers. The tongues of angels now speak with the voice of Muzak. It was not always so. Angels have an older ancestry than Christianity itself, and the most copious sources for named angels are not the New or even the Old Testament but Talmudic and Mohammedan writings. Still, for nearly 2,000 years the belief in angels was vital to Christianity. Only in the past century and a half have angels suffered a leakage of meaning, ending in their present debilitated condition.

**Zero Population Growth.** The angel of popular culture today is to his forebears what the last American buffalo, ailing in some future zoo, will be to the mighty herds that roamed the West: a token, a remnant of a spiritual breed that will never return. In the 13th century, Doctor of the Church Albertus Magnus held that there were nine choirs of angels, "each choir at 6,666 legions, and each legion at 6,666 angels." That made 399,920,004, all fluttering and hymning in orbit around the throne of God. Of these, one-third were flung down with Lucifer, leaving 266,613,336. Angels are sexless and cannot breed, so this population achieved Z.P.G. at the instant of creation. (Hebrew tradition disagrees; according to the Talmud, new angels are born with every word God speaks.)

What did they all do? Traditional Christian teaching holds that God created angels partly to adore and praise him—like a duke, forming his own opera company to entertain an audience of one—but also to serve as intermediaries between the worlds of spirits and of men, between Heaven and Earth. Angels intervened, visibly or unseen, at every moment of God's enterprises, beginning with the largest of all: keeping the universe in motion. Tasks were dealt out among the various grades of angels; so vast a society obviously needed a pecking order. The structure of this heavenly bureaucracy varied in detail—it was the subject of much squabbling among medieval theologians—but not in outline. It consisted of nine angelic types, of which ordinary angels were the lowest. In descending order: 1. seraphs; 2. cherubs; 3. thrones; 4. dominations; 5. virtues; 6. powers; 7. principalities; 8. archangels; 9. angels.

Now it came to pass, in the interlocking, abstract system of cosmology that medieval philosophers derived from Plato, that the universe was also divided into nine spheres. They nestled concentrically in one another like Chinese ivory balls. The innermost was the central and unmoving earth; outward from the earth were the spheres of the moon, of the five known

planets, of the sun and the zodiac, and finally the *primum mobile*. The *primum mobile* contained no matter. Its energies kept the stars in their courses and the planets spinning. Seraphs, the most powerful angels, kept the *primum mobile* moving; cherubs moved the zodiac, thrones the sphere of Saturn, and so on down to the moon, which fell under the care of common angels. The motive force of all this gyration was God's love for his own creations—Dante's "Love, that moves the sun and the other stars."

**Closing Diapason.** The symbol of this beatific order was music. Musical harmony was an image of the perfect and immutable order that God had imposed on his creation, structure developing out of structure like an immense fugue; the "music of the spheres" was considered to be less a figure of speech than a cosmological fact, and angels made it. As Dryden put it, in *Song for St. Cecilia's Day*:

*From harmony, from heavenly harmony,  
This universal frame began:  
From harmony to harmony  
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,  
The diapason closing full in Man.*

The music-making angel became one of the favorite personages of medieval and Renaissance art, but his repertory was not restricted, as it is today, to harp solos. The choir of angels in Luca Signorelli's fresco of the *Calling of the Chosen*, circa 1500, pluck their lutes and viols and ecstatically flourish tambourines, and the arc of their overlapping wings becomes a metaphor of the circling cosmos.

If angelic creatures ministered to the universe in general, they attended to the earth in particular, and everything men did or were was affected by them. "Every blade of grass," says the Talmud, "has its angel that bends over it and whispers 'Grow, grow!'" An archetypal angel, that: like Mrs. Portnoy to young Alex: "Eat, son, eat."

**Accidental Ingestion.** Angels could cause or cure plague, summon up earthquakes and floods and paralyze whole nations with famine. They destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, assisted in the slaying of the first-born of the Egyptians and annihilated the army of Sennacherib; others fed Elijah, shut the mouths of the lions in Daniel's den, wrestled with Jacob, cured Tobit's blindness and announced the birth of Samson to Manoah. In a society whose world view was largely passive and deterministic, where every creature could symbolize some aspect of God, angels assumed vast importance.

Medieval Europe was such a culture. Angels (and demons) were everywhere. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that an English farmer living in 1300 would have believed more firmly that there were angels in Kent than that there were other farmers in France or Italy. You could meet an angel in a field, or accidentally ingest one if it perched on the tip of your fork. Every living man had his guardian angel, directed by God to the comparatively lowly task of helping to protect him from physical and spiritual harm.

"That is what an angel is, an idea of God," So said the great mystic, Meister Eckhart. But ideas have no visual form, and the struggle to make angels concrete absorbed the energies of Europe's artists for nearly 1,000 years. The angel became one of the master images of religious experience.

"The concept of an angel," wrote one recent student of the creatures, Theodora Ward, in *Men and*





MUSEO, GENOVA

## ANGELS: Messengers from God

*Resplendent in enamel and gold, a stylized Archangel Gabriel announces Mary's pregnancy to her on the cover of an 11th century breviary. Four hundred years later, Fra Angelico envisaged a more heroic but more human Gabriel, almost overshadowing the Virgin.*



MUSEO, FIRENZE





Weeping angels in Giotto's "Lamentation" (1305)

Grand cherub in a 13th century Venetian mosaic



Cute cherubs by Rubens (1635)



Majestic Romanesque angel blows the trumpet in an 11th century fresco





*Deferential angels make the music of the spheres in Signorelli's "Calling of the Chosen" (ca. 1500)*



*A towering Archangel Michael weighs the souls of the dead in Hans Memling's "Last Judgment" (ca. 1466-73)*



*A host of warrior angels by Guariento, 1344-45, stand ready to smite any enemy hip and thigh*

*Angels*, "is peculiar to the monotheistic religions, in which the immensity of the power concentrated in one universal god must somehow be channeled to reach the needs of man, as a great river may be diverted into a system of ducts to irrigate fields." But how to embody this concept? The first angels in Christian art look like ordinary men, whether painted on catacomb walls or preserved in mosaic on the 5th century walls of Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome. What the artist stresses is the power of assuming human shape and walking among men, who "entertain them unawares."

The sign by which angels are known today—wings—did not appear for some time. Pre-Christian mythology abounded with winged, supernatural beings, and the Christian angel annexed the symbolic properties of wings—mobility, ascension, elevation and refinement of consciousness, power to move freely between Heaven and Earth. All the same, there were difficulties of symbolization, which is why the distinctions that early theologians drew between various levels of angels did not endure in art. The thrones, in their ceaseless orbit around God, were sometimes depicted as winged wheels, whose hubs were studded with eyes—to indicate their power to see into the heart of divine mysteries.

Cherubim and seraphim were sometimes interchangeable. The traditional pattern for both consisted of a head, hands, feet and six wings—one pair pointing down, one pair up, and the third pair spread to fly. It was a formula that could achieve a hierarchic majesty—no angelic being radiates more effortless authority than the mosaic cherub in St. Mark's in Venice, unfurling his blue wings against a blaze of gold mosaic. In the general humanization of angels during the Renaissance, the cherub's presence quickly succumbed. He became crossed with the amoretti, or baby cupids, of antiquity; the result, a tumbling, rosy piglet of an angel, did not (even in Rubens' hands) quite make up in charm what it had lost in austere dignity. The path to the winged brat on the Christmas card was open.

**Recurring Gabriel.** As the theological intricacies of Christianity spread, the character and role of angels became more complex and diversified. But if theology particularized, art tended to generalize; a painter could deal with only a limited number of symbols and attributes. More important, his audience—a heterogeneous one, not made up of theologians—could not be expected to carry all the minute subdivisions of angelhood in its head. Consequently only a few kinds of angels were identifiable, and these were linked to basic Scriptural events. The only spirits who stood out, time and again, as individuals were three archangels: Michael, Gabriel and—to a lesser degree—Raphael.

The one most often painted was Gabriel, the angel of the Annunciation, sent by God to disclose to Mary that she would give birth to Christ. In the history of a civilization that abounded in images of the Madonna, Gabriel recurred insistently, whether as the impassive, rhythmically contorted enamel figure on the 11th century cover of the Arlberg breviary in Milan or the rainbow-winged presence, solid as a Doric column, who confronts a submissive Mary in Fra Angelico's *Annunciation*.

One of Gabriel's functions was to preside over Paradise, and this he shared with Michael. The resonant titles of the Archangel Michael read like a blast on the horn of resurrection: chief of the order of virtues, chief of archangels, prince of the presence, angel of repentance, righteousness, mercy, sanctification . . . and, by decree of Pope Pius XII in 1950, the patron angel of policemen. In painting, his main roles were two: driving the rebel angels down to Hell (Michael replaced the fallen Lucifer as chief

angel of Heaven) and weighing the souls of the dead, as in Memling's *Last Judgment*, for virtue and sin. The main reason for Gabriel and Michael's dominion in religious art may be that between them they summed up the main uses God had for his envoys: Gabriel the mediator, the bringer of grace, and Michael the warrior and deputy judge.

**Sentimental Ramp.** The angelic form, like any other, responded to its environment. As if in answer to the formal strictness and intricate metaphysics of early medieval thought, with its insistence that the world is only a screen and a simile for divine existence, angels like the one who blows the last trump across the wall of the 11th century Italian Basilica of St. Angelo in Formis are stern, unbending, and (literally) otherworldly. But the host of warrior angels that a North Italian artist, Guariento, painted in 1344-45, minus their wings and with a few adjustments of costume, could have stepped from some 14th century *condottiere's* parade ground.

The effect that humanism had on angels (in art, at least) was to stress what the creatures had in common with man. Before angels slid down the ramp of sentimentality at whose bottom they now lie, a perfect balance between their human and spiritual aspects was achieved by, among others, Giotto. The dead Christ was a sight to make angels weep, and in his fresco cycle in the Scrovegni Chapel in Padua, Giotto summed up all its terrible pathos in the little angels that tumble like shot birds in the sky.

After the triumph of High Renaissance naturalism, it became hard to make an angel look as if it belonged in Heaven. That could only be accomplished by the sheer hallucinatory pressure of religious vision, skewed at an angle to match the orthodoxy of the times. The isolated exemplar was William Blake: in 1810, in *Vision of the Last Judgment*, angels danced on his retina: "What, it will be Question'd, 'When the Sun rises, do you not see a round disk of fire somewhat like a Guinea?' O no, no, I see an Innumerable company of the Heavenly host crying 'Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord God Almighty.'"

Angel painting never recovered from the blow dealt by the Reformation. After Luther's proposal that men could approach God directly by faith through grace, with no intermediaries, the angels were theologically unemployed. The gap they were meant to close had been written out of existence; they were reduced to mere attendant lords, thunderbolt carriers to swell a scene or two. Nineteenth century rationalism seemed to finish them off for good. The remark of a Victorian doctor, that he had never met the soul in a dissection, found its artistic parallel in Gustave Courbet.

And yet . . . and yet . . . The thought that angels are dead is a nagging one. It is unsatisfactory, and the root of the dissatisfaction goes back to an early angelologist, the so-called Pseudo-Dionysius, who warned in the 6th century that "in dwelling upon the nobler images it is probable that we might fall into the error of supposing that the Celestial Intelligences are some kind of golden beings, or shining men flashing like lightning."

Precisely. The physical shape of angels is only a metaphor, but the spiritual experience to which the now dead form refers may be very much alive. That is the process of revelation, of stepping between levels of awareness. "The angel," Carl Jung wrote, "personifies the coming into consciousness of something new arising from the deep unconscious." As the rigid boxes of 19th century positivism disappear from our culture and new epiphanies of consciousness unfold themselves, it is possible that we may return to that receptiveness in which earlier civilizations saw their angels. Except that, inevitably, we will call ours something else.







A MOMENT OF BLISS FOR A CONVENTIONAL FAMILY

## BEHAVIOR

# The American Family: Future Uncertain

**A**—trouble so deep and pervasive as to threaten the future of our nation," declared a major report to last week's White House Conference on Children. "Can the family survive?" asks Anthropologist Margaret Mead rhetorically. "Students in rebellion, the young people living in communes, unmarried couples living together call into question the very meaning and structure of the stable family unit as our society has known it." The family, says California Psychologist Richard Farson, "is now often without function. It is no longer necessarily the basic unit in our society."

The data of doom—many familiar, some still startling—consistently seem to support this concern. One in every four U.S. marriages eventually ends in divorce. The rate is rising dramatically for marriages made in the past several years, and in some densely-populated West Coast communities is running as high as 70%. The birth rate has declined from 30.1 births per thousand in 1910 to 17.7 in 1969, and while this is a healthy development in many respects, it implies considerable change in family life and values. Each year, an estimated half-million teen-agers run away from home.

### Enormous Crises

The crisis in the family has implications that extend far beyond the walls of the home. "No society has ever survived after its family life deteriorated," warns Dr. Paul Popenoe, founder of the American Institute of Family Re-

lations. Harvard Professor Emeritus Carle Zimmerman has stated the most pessimistic view: "The extinction of faith in the familistic system is identical with the movements in Greece during the century following the Peloponnesian Wars, and in Rome from about A.D. 150. In each case the change in the faith and belief in family systems was associated with rapid adoption of negative reproduction rates and with enormous crises in the very civilizations themselves."

It is not necessary to share this apocalyptic decline-and-fall theory to recognize many interrelated dangers to both society and family. Each of the nation's forces of change and conflict meet within the family. The "counterculture" of the young, the effects of the war, economic stresses and the decay of the cities—all crowd in on the narrow and embattled institution. The question, of course, is not whether the family will "survive," for that is like asking whether man or biology or society will survive. The question is whether it can survive successfully in its present form. All the evidence shows that in order to do so, it needs help.

Precisely that was uppermost in the minds of 4,000 delegates from across the nation who met in Washington last week for the once-in-a-decade Conference on Children. Among the proposals they urged on President Nixon were the establishment of a National Institute for the Family; universal day-care, health and early learning services in which parents would play a major role; the creation of a Cabinet-level Department of Family and Children; and an in-

dependent Office of Child Advocacy. There was also a lavish list of demands—though more modest than the one ten years ago—covering everything from prevention of child injuries to reforming the judiciary system.

### Weakened Supports

Yet if the demands made on the Government in behalf of the family were too vast, this was in a sense only an understandable reaction against the fact that too many vast demands are made on the family these days. Throughout most of Western history, until the 20th century, society as a whole strongly supported the family institution. It was the family's duty to instruct children in moral values, but it derived those values from church, from philosophers, from social traditions. Now most of these supports are weakened, or gone. Yet politicians and other prophets often blame the family for decline in morals and morale—as if the family could be separated from society. The forces that are weakening the U.S. family structure are at the very heart of the changes that are taking place in American civilization. Some of the most significant:

**MOBILITY.** The mass exodus from rural to metropolitan areas, the increasingly common and frequent corporate transfer, the convenience of the automobile and the highway system built to accommodate it—all have contributed to a basic change in the character of the family. In the less complicated, less urbanized days, the average U.S. family was an "extended" or "kinship" family.



This meant simply that the parents and their children were surrounded by relatives: in-laws, brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles, grandparents, cousins. If the relatives did not live within the same household, they were next door or down the block or on the next farm. But as Americans became more mobile, the kinfolk have been gradually left behind. As a result, the typical family has evolved into an isolated "nuclear" family. It consists simply of a father, a mother and their children, and is usually located miles away from the home of the nearest relative.

Says Dr. John Platt, associate director of the University of Michigan's Mental Health Research Institute: "All sorts of roles now have to be played by the husband and wife, whereas in the older, extended family they had all sorts of help—psychological support, financial advice, and so on. The pressures of these multiple roles are partially responsible for the high rates of divorce, alcoholism, tranquilizers, etc."

**WOMEN'S CHANGING ROLE.** "Put very simply," says Cornell Political Sociologist Andrew Hacker, "the major change in the family in recent years, and the problems of the future, are both summed up in one word: women. In the past and until very recently, wives were simply supplementary to their husbands, and not expected to be full human beings. Today, women are involved in much greater expectations and frustrations. For one thing, 40% of U.S. women are now employed. When a woman is working, she tends to have a new perception of herself. I see this most egregiously in those women who go to liberal arts colleges, because there the professor takes them seriously, and this gives them big ideas. The unhappy wives are the liberal arts graduates. The trouble comes from the fact that the institution we call marriage can't hold two full human beings—it was only designed for one and a half."

It is not only woman's aspirations that have changed, Hacker adds, but society's support of her as a wife. "In the past, the role of wife and mother was reinforced by the church and the community. The whole complex descended on women and said, 'This is what you are; this is what you will be.' Now marriage has to be on its own, because the reinforcements are no longer there. So women are listening to all the subversive messages."

One Women's Lib theoretician, Margaret Benston, has made an economic analysis that places the blame for the "exploitation" of women directly on the family. Since women's work in the home is not paid for, she reasons, it is considered valueless by society. Moreover, at present, equal opportunity of employment simply means that a woman has two jobs: one at work and one at home. All work must therefore be taken out of the home and paid for like any other product; only such innovations as communal kitchens and universal

child-care centers will "set women free," she says.

**APOTHEOSIS OF CHILDHOOD.** In the Middle Ages, children were considered miniature adults, according to French Sociologist Philippe Aries. At about the age of seven, they were sent to other homes to serve as apprentices and often as servants. Thus they grew up in huge households, with no dependence on their parents. In contrast, the child of today, as the center of the tiny nuclear family, has become its *raison d'être* and is therefore kept psychologically, financially and emotionally bound to it.

Without realizing it, many American mothers, under the aegis of benevolent permissiveness and the pressure of civic obligations, actually neglect their children (see box). Others, imbued by Dr. Spock with the notion that every child has a unique potential and that it is her mission to create a near-perfect being, become the child's shadow, with equally damaging results, according to Brandeis Sociologist Philip Slater. The child soon recognizes that he is the center of an extraordinary effort and that his happiness is a matter of great stakes. He will seldom turn out exactly as planned, and when family dissension ensues, the mother will resent her "sacrifices." Moreover, though she may have brought up her child to be "more cultured, less moneygrubbing, more spontaneous and creative" than she herself was brought up to be, she is nevertheless upset when he then refuses to remain on the same treadmill as his parents.

That refusal takes place in adolescence, which like childhood is a modern development. Thus the family has had no long historical experience in dealing with the new rebelliousness. Unlike youths of the pre-industrial age, who simply entered some form of apprenticeship for the adult world at the age of puberty, millions of teen-agers now remain outside the labor force to go to college. It is this fact that has made possible the existence of today's separate youth culture, by which parents feel surrounded and threatened in their sense of authority. "A stage of life that bare-

ly existed a century ago is now universally accepted as an inherent part of the human condition," says Yale Psychiatrist Kenneth Keniston. Keniston, in fact, now postulates still another new stage of life, that between adolescence and adulthood: he calls it "youth." The youth of the technetronic or post-industrial age often remain out of the work force until their late 20s. "They are still questioning family tradition, family destiny, family fate, family culture and family curse." Naturally, their very existence unsettles the families from which they sprang, and delays the development of the new life-styles that they will eventually adopt.

**LIMITED USEFULNESS.** According to Sociologist Reuben Hill, among others, the family has traditionally performed seven functions: reproduction, protection and care of children, economic production of family goods and services, socialization of children, education of children, recreation, and affection giving. But during the past century, he says, the economic, educational, recreational and socializing functions have been lost

A FAMILY DINNER



A COMMUNE MEAL





CHILDREN AT CAMBRIDGE, MASS., DAY-CARE CENTER  
Less frustrated and better wives and mothers.

in varying degrees to industry, schools and government.

In three areas of traditional family life there has been little erosion: reproduction, child care, affection. As a matter of fact, many experts believe that the affectional function is the only one left that justifies the continued support of the family as a social institution. As "community contacts" become more "formal and segmental," says Hill, people turn increasingly to the family "as the source of affectional security that we all crave."

But the insistent demand for affection without the traditional supporting structure has dangers of its own. The pioneering sociologist Edward Westermarck observed that "marriage rests in the family and not the family in marriage." The corollary used to be that the family existed for many practical purposes beyond love. To base it so heavily on love—including the variable pleasures of sexual love—is to weaken its stability.

#### Mother's Kiss

A related danger is to romanticize and sentimentalize the family. From the Greek tragedies to the modern psychoanalysts, men have known that the family, along with being a source of immense comfort, is also a place of savage battles, rivalries, and psychological if not physical mayhem. Psychoanalyst R.D. Laing says that the "initial act of brutality against the average child is the mother's first kiss." He finds it hurtful that a child is completely at the mercy of his parents, even to having to accept affection. Laing's colleague, David Cooper, calls the nuclear family the "ultimately perfected form of non-meeting" and, in a new book called *The Death of the Family*, demands its abolition. These are extreme views, but it may be better to face the fierce aspects of family life than to expect only bliss. There is something of the disillusioned lover in many people who today

are trying to live outside the conventional family.

Dissatisfied with the traditional family setup, or simply unable to cope with it, Americans by the thousands are seeking alternatives. One that has most captured the imagination of youth and that has an almost religious appeal to members of the counterculture is a family structure that is as old as antiquity: the commune. Utopians from Plato onward have visualized children as not being raised in traditional families but in various communal organizations; the instinct that pulls man toward a tightly knit "nuclear" family has often been counterbalanced by the dream of escaping from it.

Only five years ago, there were perhaps a hundred "intentional communities" in the U.S., founded mostly by religious fundamentalists, utopian socialists or conscientious objectors. Today, as an outgrowth of the hippie movement, there are about 3,000, a third of which are in rural settings. "There are farms everywhere now, and we might go in any direction on compass to find warm bread and salt," writes Raymond Mungo in *Total Loss Farm*. Although Vermont, Oregon, California and New Mexico are still the favored states, some new commune clusters are cropping up in what Mungo calls "the relatively inferior terrain and vibration of Massachusetts and points south and west, and the huge strain of friendless middle America."

Most of the new communards are fleeing what they regard as the constriction, loneliness, materialism and the hypocrisy in straight society and the family life on which it is based. Yet some of the same old problems reappear—for example, the tug of war between individualism and submission to the group. One contributor to the *Whole Earth Catalog* summed up his own experience. "If the intentional community hopes to survive, it must be authoritarian, and if it is authoritarian, it offers no more free-

dom than conventional society. Those communes based on freedom inevitably fail, usually within a year."

But when they fail, their members often go on to join other tribes, now that there is a network of communes available to them. Benjamin Zablocki, a Berkeley sociologist who has visited more than 100 communes in the past six years, insists: "The children are incredibly fine. It's natural for children to be raised in extended families, where there are many adults." Yet in spite of the talk of extended families, the extension in the new communes does not reach to a third generation. Indeed, the "families" have a narrow age span, and it is possible that the children have never seen an adult over 30.

#### Deformed Monstrosity

Writes Brandeis' Sociologist Philip Slater, in *The Pursuit of Loneliness*: "It is ironic that young people who try to form communes almost always create the same narrow, age-graded, class-homogeneous society in which they were formed. A community that does not have old people and children, white-collar and blue-collar, eccentric and conventional, and so on, is not a community at all, but the same kind of truncated and deformed monstrosity that most people inhabit today."

Some communes actually form compromises with the nuclear family. Nowhere is this point better made than at Lama, a contemporary commune 18 miles north of Taos, N. Mex., which was re-revisited last week by Correspondent David DeVoss after an absence of 19 months.

"We work together—we collectively grow and distribute the crops, but we go back to our individual nests at night," explains Satya De La Manito, 28, who has now moved from a tepee into a still unfinished A-frame house that took him \$1,500 and twelve months to build. Most couples are in their upper 20s, are married, have children, own their own homes, have a deep respect for property rights and believe in the value of honest toil. Although the concept of complete sexual freedom retains its followers, it plays only a minor role in Lama society today. Indeed, reports DeVoss, "were it not for their long pre-dilection for grass and rejection of the American political system, Lama residents could pass for solid, middle-class citizens."

Most of today's communes are in the cities, and they indeed do have appeal for many middle-class citizens. To Ethel Herring, 30, married to a Los Angeles lawyer and active in Women's Lib, a city commune seemed the answer to growing frustrations, which culminated when she realized that she was spending \$60 to \$70 a week for baby sitters; the Harrings had no live-in grandparents or nearby relatives to care for their three children while Ethel was attending her frequent feminist meetings. In effect, she says, "we were suf-

## "Somebody—Let It, Please God, Be Somebody"

*"We like to think of America as a child-oriented society, but our actions belie our words. The actual patterns of life in America today are such that children and families come last," asserted one of the task force reports at last week's White House Conference on Children. The chairman of this task force is Urie Bronfenbrenner, noted Cornell psychologist, who drew considerable attention with his provocative report on education in Russia (TIME, April 27). Talking with Correspondent Ruth Galvin, Bronfenbrenner elaborated some of his ideas about the family and children.*

THE battle today is not between children and parents; the battle is between society on one side and families on the other, and we've got to reorder things so that human values can again get some recognition. I have a great deal of sympathy for the anger and frustration that are reflected in the Women's Liberation movement. Not only are women discriminated against in the so-called man's world, but they have now been deprived of prestige in their role as women. It used to be that a mother would get recognition in her neighborhood for the fact that she had brought up her children well. Now the mother still has the responsibility for her children, but not enough support or recognition. Her husband is away most of the time, and her neighbors are often not really her friends. We are creating a situation where women are frustrated in both worlds.

We are also creating a world where parents give things to their children instead of giving themselves. For example, a cab driver I had in Washington turned out to be a shoemaker who has taken a second job in order to be able to earn money to buy his kids a tape recorder and other expensive gifts for Christmas. The effect is, he's not going to see anything of his kids for a month and a half. This man is a good parent, but he just thinks that a new tape recorder is more valuable to his kids than he is.

We did a cross-cultural study in child-rearing practices in America and West Germany. Of course we expected that German parents would be stricter than American parents, and, sure enough, they were. But they were also more affectionate and spent more time with their children. Perhaps when we think we are being permissive, we are really just not paying attention to our kids. Parents have been told by experts like me, "Let your child be himself," and that has been taken to mean: Let him grow up by himself. But children should not grow up associating only with other children because they haven't much to give to each other. I regard Dickens as one of the great child psychologists.



BRONFENBRENNER

fering from the nuclear family setup."

With six other sympathetic couples in similar circumstances, the Harrings scouted around and finally found a U-shaped, six-unit apartment building in southern Los Angeles. They purchased it last September, and converted it into a successful, middle-class (most of the men are lawyers) city commune. Knocking out walls and doors, they built interjoining apartments and a communal nursery, TV room and library. "The apartments open up so that the kids' rooms can run into each other," Ethel explains, "and yet there is still plenty of privacy for adults."

The families share their services, following a schedule that calls for each couple to do all of the cooking and house-

work for one week. "That's KP once every six weeks per couple, which keeps everybody happy," says Ethel. Her husband, for instance, has curtailed his practice so that he can spend one day a week at home on child-care and cooking duty. Says Ethel, "The truth is that most men are deprived of a close relationship with their children, and our men are finding out what they've been missing. It's groovy."

Disillusionment with the traditional family has led to other alternative lifestyles. In Boston, David, 36, a divorced architect, and Sarah, 29, a researcher for a consulting firm, have an "arrangement"; like an increasing number of other American couples, they live together in David's Cambridge walkup

Fagin, for example, was very clearly an evil man. But the Artful Dodger is a human being in every sense of the term. He's not alienated, because he has had dealings with someone who is somebody, even though he's corrupt. The important thing is to be brought up by somebody. Before we worry about who it is, let it, please God, be somebody. It is very important for a child that there be a person on the other end of the seesaw, and that each reckons with the other. There's a great phrase by the Soviet educator, Anton Makarenko, about bringing up children: "The maximum possible demands, with the maximum possible respect."

Our society has become far too age-segregated. And I really question Margaret Mead's observation that the world has changed so fast technologically that the adults are immigrants in the country of the young. After all, these new things are the products of the adult world.

We just do not try hard enough to involve the different ages with each other. When an American architect plans a housing project, he puts the playgrounds here so that the noise doesn't bother, and the parents have another park there. The European architect does it the other way. He plans the playgrounds so that the children can run over and see the parents and the parents can watch them. Or look at different societies in terms of their games. I'm for the revival of potato-sack racing because anyone can do it, and if Grandpa beats the three-year-old it's a great victory.

What we ought to do is present a world in which the child sees different kinds of people at work and at suffering and at play. This notion that children need to be protected and should never see anyone in pain, or old, or smelling bad, I think is a false notion. How can anyone appreciate joy if he doesn't know what sadness is?

I would say to parents, number one, that the young people do not think as ill of you as you think. Two, that they think you think worse of them than you really do. And three, it is not your fault. The nature of the problem is the way life is organized for us. We have to really support those institutions, those businesses, those politicians who are ready to change things, so that children and people concerned with children have some space and status. A lot of labor turnover and absenteeism, for instance, derives from the fact that people are concerned about their children. If better arrangements were made by business for family life, morale would be higher. One of the signs that a society is beginning to lose its vitality is that children cease to be central in the lives of the people. If you want to turn a society around, it's around children that you have the hope of doing it.

apartment in a "marriage" that has endured solidly for two years without benefit of legal sanction. They sometimes join David's ex-wife and his son, Jonathan, 5, for dinner. Bubbly, attractive Sarah still maintains her own apartment and sometimes spends a few days there.

Both Sarah and David are convinced that their relationship is superior to a conventional marriage. It is the legal tie, they believe, that is the subtle influence in making a marriage go sour. "On the small scale," says David, "there's no difference, except that you know you could call it off when you want to. That makes you more careful and considerate. You don't say subconsciously, 'Oh, she's always going to be there.' So you make that little extra effort." Only

under one circumstance would Sarah and David consider a legal marriage: if they decided to have children.

Doubts about conventional family life have also led to the growth of another phenomenon: the "single-parent family." No longer fearful about complete ostracism from society, many single girls who become pregnant now choose to carry rather than abort their babies and to support them after birth without rushing pell-mell into what might be a disastrous marriage.

#### Population Explosion

Judy Montgomery, 21, is a major in political science at the University of Cincinnati. She lives in the exclusive suburban area of Indian Hill with her parents and her son Nicky, 16 months. She became pregnant at 19 but did not want to get married. "I think having a mother and a father are important for a child, but Nicky can be raised so he isn't scarred. There are now substitutes in society that will allow him to grow up fatherless. I have no feeling of guilt. My only real hassle is with guys I meet who are interested in me, and I say, 'Oh, I have to go home and take care of my kid.'"

Liberalized adoption laws are also making it possible for single and divorced women to have children and to set up housekeeping without the necessity of a father. Ruth Taylor, a secretary at a hospital in suburban Warrensville township, near Cleveland, was divorced shortly after her daughter, Kelley, was born three years ago. Because she did not want the girl to grow up as an only child, she adopted a little boy who was listed as a "slow learner" by the agency (there was a three-year waiting list for normal Caucasian children). But in the year that she has had Corey, 2, the boy's personality and intelligence have blossomed. To Ruth, adopting a child is the answer for both single and married people who have decided to forgo children because of their concern about the population explosion. "Form a family with what has already been provided," she suggests. "That way you will be helping to solve the problem."

The re-examination of the traditional family and the desire to try other forms have also produced some bizarre experiments. In La Jolla, Calif., Michael, an oceanographer, and his artist wife, Karen, both 27, had been married for four years when Michael met Janis, who was studying at the Scripps Institution of Oceanography. Janis often came to study at Michael and Karen's apartment, and a strong attachment developed. When Michael took off on a field trip to Antarctica, the two women became good friends and decided that because they both liked Michael, all three ought to live together. Last May the trio formalized it all with an improvised wedding ceremony attended, incidentally, by other trios.

As the three were leaving for a summer session at the University of Or-

egon, they were delighted to learn that Karen was pregnant. "We'll all take turns caring for it," says Janis, "just as we share all the household chores. That way each of us has time for things we like to do best."

There are other far-out experiments. One group, living at Sandstone, a handsome complex of houses near Los Angeles, has varied in size from three to twelve adults, and currently consists of only five: three men and two women. Says Barbara Williamson, a member of what she calls the "intentional" family: "It's a smorgasbord. It's so much more exciting to have nine different dishes than just one." The group has had no children yet because it wants to stabilize its "marriage" first.

Such eccentric arrangements obviously have no meaning for the vast majority of people, except perhaps as symptoms of an underlying malaise. Thus, while some sociologists and anthropologists make their plans for the reordering of the social structure, most are more immediately concerned with removing—or at least alleviating—the stresses of the nuclear family.

#### Emancipated Women

Psychologist Richard Farson, for one, believes that the increased emphasis on the role of the family "as an agent for human development and personal growth" will again make the family important in the field of education. "Par-

creasingly emancipated—by child-care centers and equal-employment practices—they could have more time for intellectual and emotional fulfillment. Thus although their housekeeping role may diminish, they could become less frustrated and better wives. Though the idea is still shocking to many, some experts feel that certain women are better mothers if they are not with their children all day.

The Pill and abortion are obviously part of a loosening of morals that undermines the family in some ways; but these developments, too, can have their positive effects by reducing the number of pregnancies that lead to hasty and ill-considered marriages, and by allowing couples to put off having children until they are older and have had time to enjoy themselves, to travel and to grow up themselves. The reduction in unwanted pregnancies will also lessen the



TRIO MARRIAGE

ents will not necessarily teach the children," he says. "That is probably quite unlikely." But the family itself may become a learning unit, stimulated by new programs and new processes (like cartridge TV) that are even now being introduced into the home by industry. This, he feels, will help strengthen the nuclear family "by involving people in all kinds of interesting mutual experiences of learning."

While some fear that Women's Lib is a threat to the family, many experts believe that its more sensible goals could strengthen it. As women become in-

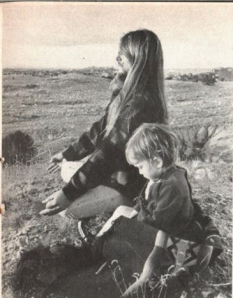


FAMILY SAYING



A FATHERLESS FAMILY  
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GRACE BEFORE MEAL



SINGLE WOMAN & ADOPTED SON

number of children who are rejected even before they are born and the financial hardship brought on by unplanned large families.

Adds Psychoanalyst Rollo May: "Even the growing frequency of divorce, no matter how sobering the problems it raises, has the positive psychological effect of making it harder for couples to rationalize a bad marriage by the dogma that they are 'stuck' with each other. The possibility of find-

ing a new lover makes it more necessary for us to accept the responsibility of choosing the one we do have if we stay with him or her."

If the experts have their way, the nuclear family can be further strengthened in the future. Margaret Mead, for example, believes that many bad starts can be avoided if marriages can be postponed. She proposes a kind of universal national service that will take adolescents out of the nuclear home (where they apparently do not fit in), train them and keep them occupied until they are more mature. "We need something to allow those people who don't go to college to grow up without committing themselves to a marriage."

Instead of traditional marriages, Mead would also encourage a "two-step marriage" for young people. During the first phase, which would, in effect, be a trial marriage, the young couple would be required to agree not to have children. If a stable relationship developed and the couple decided to have children, a second license would be ob-



DIVORCED MOTHER & DAUGHTER

tained and another ceremony performed.

Business, too, has a responsibility to relieve some of the stress on the contemporary family, according to Psychologist Urie Bronfenbrenner. In a report to last week's White House Conference on Children, he urged business to create flexible work schedules, cut back on travel, on transfers and on social obligations that keep parents away from their children. Bronfenbrenner also feels that large corporations should concern themselves with "where and how their families live," and with more part-time positions, better maternity leave, day-care centers and family recreation plans.

Another suggestion of the report, which urges that businesses "adopt" groups of young people to give them the opportunity to see adults at work, has already been tried by a few firms.

At the White House conference, delegates saw a film about a highly successful program set up by Bronfenbrenner's colleague, David Goslin, of the Russell Sage Foundation. It showed children from the Detroit public-school system spending three days at the Detroit *Free Press*, learning to relate to the newspapermen and what they were doing, and saying things like "You know, in school you learn a subject, but here you meet people."

In Bronfenbrenner's view, meeting people—especially people of different ages—is all-important to the preservation of the family. Parents now spend their time with other parents, he suggests, children with children, the young with the young and the old with the old. To end this segregation, which is particularly acute in suburban living, Bronfenbrenner and others recommend planning by architects for community clusters where children, their parents and the elderly can intermingle, each group bringing its experience, knowledge and support to the other. University of Michigan's John Platt visualizes clusters he calls "child-care communities" which resemble communes: in addition to enlarged recreational and shopping facilities, they would include centralized schoolrooms, dining rooms (for both adults and children) and kitchens.

#### Gypsy Caravan

For all of the family's ills, the U.S. is still probably the most marriage-and-home oriented nation in the modern world. In the 1960s the number of U.S. families grew at a greater rate than the population; 87% of Americans live in families that include both parents. While the divorce rate is rising, so is the rate of remarriage among divorced people. Thus, the nuclear model will undoubtedly remain the basic family structure in the U.S. But that does not mean that it will function as a healthy institution unless ways are found to strengthen its concept and spirit.

A man's family used to be his fate; he could scarcely change it. In the modern U.S., people think easily of changing their family, like their occupation or their home. The result is psychologically unsettling and yet this changeability has obviously become a part of American life and the family will have to adjust to it. Theologian Sam Keen (*Apology for Wonder*) suggests that one should boldly take the notion of the family as a center for mobility: "It should be thought of like a gypsy caravan. You have that point of stability in the caravan, but it is continually moving and each member of it goes out to forage for food and then catches up with it."

That vision will probably never replace the image—and the dream—of the snug, permanent hearth, even suitably expanded by "clusters." But it may be closer to the reality of American life.

## ENVIRONMENT

### Buddha v. Pollution

Like animated scarecrows in black robes and bamboo hats, the eight monks bend in prayer around a sacred fire. The smoke is lost in the black pall rising from a nearby paper mill. Suddenly, the heftiest of the mendicants bellows in a throaty bass: "In the name of God, know that thou hast erred by desecrating this pure land, by acting more ferociously than a hungry tiger in devouring the lives of living beings. Curse be on thee, polluting industrialist! May God crack thine head to seven pieces and banish thee once and for all to inferno!"

Japan's big polluters are in big trouble. For four months, industries across the country have been blasted by a group of belligerent Buddhists who call themselves *kogai kigyosha jussatsu kisotosdan* ("the prayerful band of monks dedicated to imprecating curse and death on polluting industrialists").

The prayerful band started its cursing crusade only after "nights of soul-

searching" convinced its members that Japan's notoriously lax antipollution laws needed divine guidance. At first, the group was apprehensive. "I felt like an idiot, an impossible Buddhist Quixote in this age of technology," recalls Masaki Umebara. The public felt differently. To many Japanese, the picture of a solitary band of Buddhists silhouetted against smoke-belching factories suggested latter-day samurai.

**Added Clout.** While no industrialists have yet perished from the monks' verbal barbs, some have been shaken. "We want no curse on us—period," says an electric-power-company executive. Despite such grumbling, no one has legally attacked the cursers. "If any of the corporations concerned wanted to sue us," says one mendicant with a wry smile, "they would have to begin by establishing themselves as the polluters mentioned in our incantations." Tokyo Psychologist Kazuo Shimada explains the industrialists' nervousness: "We Japanese all have a tinge of mysticism in our blood and tend to be vulnerable in one way or another to such occultism."

Buoyed by their impact thus far, the group plans to expand its exorcism campaign next month. And last week Japan's Diet gave the cursers added clout. In response to growing public rage, the upper house passed an unusually tough environmental package aimed at polluters who endanger human health. Those caught and convicted now face up to seven years in prison.

### Heresy in Power

In 1967, when Charles F. Luce became chairman of New York's huge Consolidated Edison Co., his first priority seemed clear. Since the average New Yorker then used only half as much electricity as the average American, Luce yearned to boost consumption—and did. But last week he told a startled Manhattan audience: "The wisdom of three years ago is the idiocy of today." Instead

of trying to increase consumption, he now wants to decrease it.

Luce is regarded as one of the most socially responsible leaders in the utility business. He is also a realist. Crippled by equipment breakdowns, Con Ed has been forced to cut voltage in controlled "brownouts" for the past two summers. Meantime, New Yorkers demand ever more power. Con Ed is all but helpless to supply it, because conservationists have won assorted court orders delaying the company's proposed new plants. They argue that power generation also generates pollution—and now Luce has publicly agreed with them.

As a long-term solution, Luce last week suggested a new federal excise tax of "perhaps 1%" on electric bills to speed new ways of generating power compatible with the environment. Until that luminous day comes, Luce is prepared to take an antigrowth position that other utility men might consider heresy. Urging New Yorkers to turn off unnecessary lights and appliances, he raises "the serious question of whether we ought to be promoting any use of electricity."

### To Save the Seas

After rising steadily for 25 years, the world fish catch dropped 2% last year, the first decrease in 25 years. The loss represented \$160 million. Worse, it suggested that ocean harvesting—one of the great hopes for curbing world hunger—may be endangered by ocean pollution.

In Rome last week, the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization tackled the problem by inviting 400 scientists from 40 maritime nations to discuss man's abuse of the seas. The biggest and most important such conference to date produced more than 140 papers describing the danger. For example, two French scientists, Georges Bellan and Jean-Marie Peres, expressed alarm about the Mediterranean. Not only is human waste soiling beaches from Tel Aviv to Trieste, they said, but the "self-cleansing" power of the sea itself can no longer cope with the volume of untreated excrement and industrial waste now pouring into it. As a result, the scientists told their colleagues, "The Mediterranean is rushing toward complete pollution."

**Mercury and Oil.** Bruce McDuffie, a bearded chemist at the State University of New York at Binghamton, is the man who recently discovered mercury in U.S. canned tuna (TIME, Dec. 21). In Rome, he reported also finding high mercury levels in commercial swordfish. Reason: according to an American paper presented at the Rome conference, industry is now dumping 5,000 tons of mercury into the oceans each year. Because fish hold mercury in their systems for as long as 500 days, the contamination can travel over vast areas.

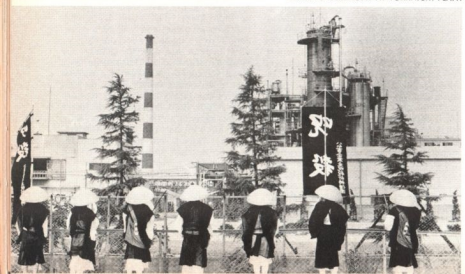
Dr. Max Blumer of Woods Hole (Mass.) Oceanographic Institution told the conference that "major catastrophes

MONK PRAYING BEFORE SACRED FIRE



REUTERS/UNISYS

CURSING CEREMONY AT YOKKAICHI PLANT



in production and at sea, unburned fuel, spent lubricants, and a significant hydrocarbon contribution from the land [municipal wastes] contribute about 10 million tons of oil to the world's oceans each year." According to Blumer, the immediate effects of oil spills—dead fish and birds—are followed by long-term damage to marine ecology. "Compared to the size of the accidents," he said grimly, "the present countermeasures against oil in the oceans are inadequate."

**Global Watch.** The scientists underlined Blumer's hard-hitting report, and scores of others, by recommending an immediate international survey to measure the extent and degree of marine pollution. They also urged establishment of a global monitoring system.

Such a system would involve a fleet of ships and a chain of automatic sensing buoys, plus aerial photography and satellite observation. The system would be used to spot the source of pollutants like oil, mercury and lead. It would also monitor oxygen levels in the seas and "red tides," the abnormal growth of phytoplankton that can choke out other forms of marine life. Obviously, such a system will need the political support of nations that now exploit and degrade the seas.

## Report on Paper

One remarkable spinoff of the environmental crusade is a tiny New York firm with the imposing name Council on Economic Priorities. Its sole product is research—not into companies' economic records but into their performance as members of society. Last week the Council issued its most ambitious report to date, a 400-page survey of how the nation's 24 biggest pulp and paper producers have responded to the growing demand for a cleaner environment.

Entitled "Paper Profits," the C.E.P. report is as dry and statistic laden as a stock prospectus. It notes that the paper industry has been generally slow to install antipollution devices and processes, despite their ready availability. Owens-Illinois and Weyerhaeuser are important exceptions; both companies clean up most of their plants' effluents. Less than half of the 131 mills surveyed have satisfactory air-pollution controls; many dump raw wastes into U.S. waterways. According to the report, St. Regis, Potlatch and Diamond International have particularly poor records.

Reaction from the industry was mild. The American Paper Institute called the C.E.P. survey "one-sided" because it did not consider the "needs of individual communities" in the recession, and did not mention the paper companies' support of other environmental programs. But the industry association also admitted that the report's net effect would be to help speed installation of pollution-control equipment.

**Just the Facts.** "We are not going after these companies as crusaders," says Alice Tepper, 26, a pretty Wellesley graduate who is founder and director



ALICE TEPPER

New standard for investors.

of the Council. "If they are polluters, the facts themselves will hit them in the pocketbook. Many Americans seem to prefer cleaner air to an extra dollar of dividend income." Alice Tepper does not pretend to be a pollution expert; she does know how to organize experts who can examine corporate performance. She first got interested in such problems two years ago while working as a securities analyst in a Boston investment firm. A local synagogue requested a portfolio of stocks in companies with minimal defense contracts. After other investors—mainly religious groups—expressed interest in getting similar information, Alice recalls, "I started thinking of how to expand to cover other social problems."

Early last year, she moved to New York to "turn on the major Wall Street houses." Now, C.E.P. has about 800 subscribers for its regular research publications—including banks, investment houses, foundations, universities and more than 40 corporations. Harper & Row has already published one of its special reports as a paperback. Borrowing the methods of securities analysts, the Council's staff of 20 interviews company officials, spot-checks the results for accuracy (both in the field and with outside specialists) and then compiles its surveys. So far, C.E.P. has issued six reports, covering corporate performance in military contracting, minority hiring and, most frequently, pollution control.

Militant as the subjects might sound, the Council leaves advocacy to Nader's Raiders and other such groups. Its philosophy is just to present unadorned, hitherto unavailable facts. Says Alice Tepper: "We would simply like to see social responsibility become, like profits and earning figures, a standard by which corporate practices are evaluated and exposed to the investing public."

## MILESTONES

**Married.** Lee Remick, 35, Broadway and screen actress (*Wait Until Dark*, *No Way to Treat a Lady*), and William Gown, 40, British film director; both for the second time; in a civil ceremony in London.

**Divorced.** By Remi Cynthia Brooke, 21, daughter of the Massachusetts Senator, a student at Northeastern; Donald Raymond Hasler, 21, engineering student; on grounds of cruel and abusive treatment; after 13 years of marriage, no children; in Boston. The uncontested divorce was obtained last February but announced only last week.

**Died.** Oscar Lewis, 55, noted University of Illinois anthropologist and author of *The Children of Sánchez* and *La Vida*, a collection of intimate portraits of Mexican and Puerto Rican slum dwellers; of a heart attack; in Manhattan. His books were based on lengthy tape-recorded interviews that described as nothing else could people whose value system is almost totally a function of their poverty. Most controversial was *La Vida*, a shattering account of three generations of a family in the *barrios* of San Juan and New York, in which Lewis states his theory that poverty is an identifiable culture transcending national differences.

**Died.** Robert Lishman, 67, indefatigable congressional investigator; of cancer; in Washington, D.C. As chief counsel of a House subcommittee, Lishman directed the 1958 inquiry that led to the resignation of Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams for accepting gifts from Industrialist Bernard Goldfine; a year later, Lishman was instrumental in exposing rigged TV quiz shows.

**Died.** Harry Romanoff, eightyish, one of the last of Chicago's *Front Page*-style reporters; in Chicago. "Romy" became famous for the telephone impersonations that often enabled him to scoop rivals without ever leaving the city room. Consider his coverage of the 1966 Speck murder case: as soon as he heard the news, he called the house where the eight nurses had lived, identified himself as the coroner, and pumped a cop on the scene for all details—minutes before the real coroner appeared.

**Died.** Field Marshal Viscount Slim, 79, leader of the "forgotten army" that liberated Burma from the Japanese in World War II; of a stroke; in London. Low on the priority list for supplies and troop replacements, Slim's 800,000-man force often went to battle as lightly armed as guerrillas. The struggle went on for more than three years until May 1945, when the polyglot army of Indians, Nepalese, Africans and Britons captured the port of Rangoon, virtually ending the Burma campaign.

**“People want peace  
so much  
that governments  
had better  
get out of their way  
and let them have it.”**



## MUSIC

### 200-Candlepower

Everywhere last week, or so it seemed, music was celebrating the birth of one of its mightiest titans 200 years ago on an upper floor of Bonngasse 515, Bonn. New productions of *Fidelio* were unveiled at Stockholm's Royal Opera and New York's Metropolitan. Bonn capped months of festivities with the *Missa solemnis*. In Tokyo, where Beethoven is a rapture-inducing favorite, the *Ninth Symphony* was done twice in one day. In Los Angeles, Zubin Mehta, the Los Angeles Philharmonic and a phalanx of friends staged a twelve-hour Beethoven marathon. And in honor of the 200-candlepower occasion, that most devout of Beethoven fans, Schroeder, dispatched Snoopy with a canine kiss for Lucy.

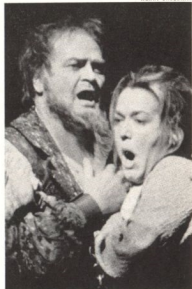
Like the work of every great creative artist, Beethoven's music evokes different deep, personal responses in different people. The one trait he symbolizes to everyone, however, is freedom—his own freedom as an artist, all men's freedom to live their own lives. Beethoven's loftiest hymn to that core symbol is *Fidelio*, which today has a special pertinence to those European countries, as Austrian Conductor Karl Böhm puts it, "that experienced foreign occupation and domination within the recent past." Thus it was thoroughly proper that the Met's new *Fidelio* was entrusted largely to Europeans. Böhm included.

**Vocal Heart.** A thoroughly proper success it was, too. Böhm gave Beethoven's orchestral writing a brassy surface excitement that had a celebrity-filled audience cheering to the chandeliers. Save for a shaky *Abscheulicher!* in Act I, Soprano Leonie Rysanek as Leonore rescued her mate Florestan from Pizarro's dungeon with a heroism that any latter-day Women's Lib leader would envy. Tenor Jon Vickers gave glorious vocal heart to Florestan's piteous degradation. Austrian Stage Director Otto Schenk clothed the production in medieval-dungeon darkness that gave way brilliantly at the end to the blinding whiteness of day—and freedom. Though the Nazi-like greatcoat worn by Pizarro (formidably portrayed by Baritone Walter Berry) was an irrelevant touch, the eyeglasses he took from a pocket—a desk man—were the perfect way to suggest Pizarro as not just a vague, timeless man of evil but the product of a villainous system.

The Beethoven year may have worn out some performers, but not the welcome of the music itself. The LPs have come along by the truckload. The books have been fewer, but choice—notably Thayer's century-old pioneering biography (newly reissued in a one-volume paperback; Princeton, \$6.95) and the more compact *Beethoven: Biography of a Genius*, by George R. Marek (Funk & Wagnalls, \$10). Marek, an American

of Viennese birth and a former General Manager of RCA Records, has produced a fair, frank and freshly researched study of one of the most fascinatingly contradictory personalities in all the arts. Marek's research was conducted by a team of scholars headed by the noted Haydn expert, H.C. Robbins Landon. So productive was their work that Landon has just come out with his own book, *Beethoven: A Documentary Study* (Macmillan, \$25), an iconographical gold mine of letters, manuscripts and rare color engravings. Beethoven was one of the great creative agonizers of all time. The evidence lies in a marvelous new facsimile of his sketch-

HENRY GROZMAN



VICKERS & RYSANEK IN "FIDELIO"  
A lofty hymn to freedom.

books, circa 1786 to 1799, just published by the British Museum for distribution in the U.S. by Columbia University Press (two volumes, \$75).

The result of all that labor proves that Beethoven did not just "free music"—as his romantic biographers put it—but the creative ego and id of every composer who followed. Prior to Beethoven, music in general never moved too far from the everyday interests of its patrons, be they commoners or royalty; this was true of a Bach cantata or a Mozart serenade. Beethoven changed that. As the father of musical romanticism, he made music an expressive function of himself. Later composers carried the cult of music for music's sake too far, and divorced "serious" composition from the interests of large audiences. One reason that every year is a Beethoven year, not just 1970, is that no composer since has been able to match the towering combination of talent, energy and soul that made his self-expression worth listening to.

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2 3130 SH NR 10160

585-4065 CASH

6 3851 SG NR 5280

000-0000 CASH

6 3227 SG UA 5220  
2 3630 SG UA 09010  
6 3231 SG NR 10300

000-0000 CHG

2 3232 NB NR 10020  
3 3831 NB NR 10020  
3 3628  
2 2930  
3 3625  
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2 3434

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## THE LAW

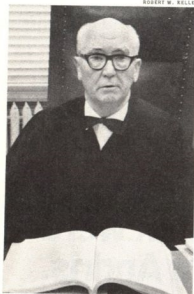
### Anarchy in Tacoma

*I have no doubt my daily prayers for strength and guidance to be calm, understanding and patient in this case and to do that which is fair and just in the sight of our heavenly Father have been answered.*

—U.S. District Judge George Boldt

Thus assured of the wisdom of his action, Judge Boldt last week dealt with the "Seattle Seven"—the young protesters accused of conspiring to damage a federal courthouse in Seattle last winter. After declaring a mistrial in the Tacoma proceedings, Judge Boldt summarily convicted the seven of contempt, and ordered them to serve one or more

ROBERT W. KELLEY



JUDGE BOLDT

*From an answered prayer.*

six-month jail terms. Then he adamantly refused to grant bail to the defendants.

At one point during the contempt hearings, anarchy erupted. Three raucous defendants hurled a flag at the bench and screamed: "That's the flag that ought to be there next to you—the Nazi flag!" The disrupters even tore up their contempt citations.

**Inexcusable Incident.** The trial had promised to be far more orderly when it began last month. The defendants, to be sure, were fist-styled revolutionaries, clenching their fists defiantly and spouting obscenities at law enforcement officials to prove their credentials. Still, many observers felt that able defense attorneys like Michael Tigar (TIME, Dec. 14) and a cautious judge like Boldt could control any courtroom antics.

But when six of the defendants\* re-

fused to enter the courtroom because their partisans had been denied entry to the courthouse lobby, Tigar and the other defense lawyers stood by helplessly. Judge Boldt demanded that the defendants enter. When they balked, he declared a mistrial and cited them for "one of the most inexcusable and outrageous incidents of contempt of court that I have ever read about or learned of in any way."

**Immediate Action.** Equally upset, Tigar called the judge's ruling "a patently transparent attempt to deny defendants the rights vindicating their innocence." Some legal observers questioned the necessity of a mistrial. Boldt could have continued the trial with the defendants in custody or awaiting the start of their contempt sentences. It was never clear that the jury had been prejudiced by the defendants' absence from the courtroom. Some jurors even expressed disappointment that they had not been able to see the trial through.

Even so, the judge did precisely what Judge Julius Hoffman was criticized for not doing in the similar Chicago Seven conspiracy trial last year. Instead of nailing the defendants for contempt after the trial, as Hoffman did, Boldt acted at once. As for the defendants, if their appeals fail, they variously face from six months to a year in jail to ponder their courtroom manners.

### 20 Times Life

The all-white Oklahoma City jury took only six minutes to decide on a guilty verdict for the black man accused of abducting and raping a white woman at knife point. It took longer to set the penalty, which Oklahoma juries must also do. After two hours, the eleven men and one woman finally agreed. The astonishing sentence for Charles Callins, 22, an ex-con with no previous sex offenses on his record: 1,500 years, the longest known prison term for a single offense ever ordered in the U.S.

The gigantic sentence was the latest indication of a growing trend in the Southwest. In September, two Oklahoma blacks were sentenced to 500 years each for assaulting a white woman; in October, a similar Oklahoma conviction drew 1,000 years. Juries in neighboring Texas have also meted out sentences of 1,000 and 1,001 years.

In the Callins case, the prosecutor asked for the death penalty, calling a life term "just a slap on the wrist." But the jurors knew that execution is rarely carried out in Oklahoma—and has not been carried out anywhere in the U.S. for more than three years. They also apparently believed that a sentence of more than 20 times the normal lifespan would preclude any chance of parole for Callins. Their hopes notwithstanding, Callins in practice may very well be treated as a lifer and so could be paroled in 15 years.

Even so, Callins' public-defender attorney announced that he would appeal the "cruel and inhuman" sentence as "excessive." Such an appeal may give the reviewing court a chance to consider the wisdom of the longer-than-life syndrome. Conceivably the court could even reverse the guilty verdict on the ground that any jury imposing such a sentence has demonstrated an improper bias against the defendant.

The day after the Oklahoma City jury sent Callins up for 15 centuries, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit (which does not include Oklahoma) bore out the jurors' doubts about the efficiency of the death penalty by declaring it unconstitutional in rape cases—at least where the victim's life was neither taken nor endangered. In such cases, the three-judge panel\*



CALLINS

*Until the year 3470.*

ruled unanimously, a death sentence violates the "evolving standards of decency" that the Supreme Court has held are implicit in the Eighth Amendment's prohibition of cruel and unusual punishment. The court also noted that rape is a capital offense in fewer than one-third of the states, and elsewhere only in Malawi, Nationalist China, South Africa and South Viet Nam. The ruling is the broadest rejection of the death penalty ever handed down by a U.S. Court of Appeals.

### New 5-to-4 Majority

To critics who disliked the liberalism of the Warren Supreme Court, the biggest irritant was often the narrow margin of a 5-to-4 vote that tipped the balance in criminal cases toward the

\* One of the three: Clement Haynsworth, President Nixon's unsuccessful 1969 "strict constructionist" nominee to the Supreme Court.

\* The seventh was ill, but was later cited for misconduct in the courtroom.



rights of the defendant. Last week, with two Nixon appointees now seated, the Burger court leaned the other way in its first criminal decision to be decided by a single vote.

The case came from Georgia and involved the fate of the hearsay rule in state trials. In general, that rule excludes statements made out of court. But the rule has many exceptions and qualifications. Georgia law, for example, sanctions hearsay evidence obtained from a conspirator against his co-conspirators in most circumstances. Many lawyers argue that this violates the defendants' Sixth Amendment right to confront the witnesses against them.

**Harmless Error.** The Warren court imposed that "fundamental" right on the states in 1965. But last week, in the case of Alex Evans, the Burger court limited the right somewhat. Evans was charged as one of the murderers of three policemen who were found handcuffed together with multiple gunshot wounds in the backs of their heads. At Evans' trial, a Georgia prisoner testified that he had heard one of the murder defendants say: "If it hadn't been for that dirty son of a bitch Alex Evans, we wouldn't be in this now." The trial judge admitted this hearsay evidence, even though Evans had no chance to cross-examine the man who was supposed to have made the remark.

The court upheld the trial judge's ruling. The nature of the statement, wrote Justice Potter Stewart, was such that it carried indications of "reliability" and the possibility of its being shaken on cross-examination was "wholly unreal." Moreover, Stewart said that the testimony "was of peripheral significance at most," since 20 witnesses testified and were available for cross-examination—including another co-conspirator who described in detail the crime and Evans' part in it. Three justices agreed with Stewart; two of them, Justice Harry Blackmun and Chief Justice Warren Burger, went on to argue that even if the judge made an error by admitting the evidence, it was a harmless error.

**Crucial Fifth.** Justice John Harlan did not agree that the evidence was "peripheral," but he did concur in upholding the conviction. He argued that exceptions to the hearsay rule should not be weighed against the Sixth Amendment confrontation right at all. Instead, he gave priority to the due process clauses of the Fifth and 14th amendments, which, he says, ask whether or not the contested evidence compromised a fair trial. In *Evans*, he concluded that it had not.

Such logic showed the independence of the scholarly Harlan. Armed with a penetrating intellect, he has developed a craftsmanlike and rigorous judicial philosophy that often leads him to his conclusion by a route that differs from that of the other justices. In many cases, his crucial swing vote may well determine how far from the Warren court's activism the Burger court will move.

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# Hungover?



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## MEDICINE

### Nader v. Nursing Homes

*You can dress like a gorilla.  
You can frighten her and kill her,  
But never put your mother in a home.*

The unseen father of the film *Where's Poppa?* must have read Ralph Nader's latest report before he made his sons promise him on his deathbed that they would never put their mother in an old folks' home. For, as Nader made clear last week in a report to the Senate Special Committee on Aging, Momma may be far better off sharing an apartment with a homicidal son than in many of the nation's 24,000 nursing homes.

Researched by a team of six student volunteers and a teacher who observed Washington, D.C., nursing homes and

have been abused by nursing personnel.

► Medical procedures in nursing homes are slipshod. In many cases, the doctors supposedly responsible for individual patients are unavailable when needed. Doctors who actually visit the homes often exercise insufficient caution and supervision over drug prescriptions. In one example cited by Nader, a doctor who had been administering an experimental drug justified his action by producing a release signed with an "X"; the patient had been judged senile three years before.

► Governmental regulation of nursing homes is inadequate. According to Nader, there have been "neither the full-fledged congressional hearings, nor the enforcement of adequate federal and state standards, nor the administrative in-



ELDERLY PATIENTS IN NURSING HOME  
Better with a homicidal son.

studied masses of state and federal documents, Nader's report is a passionate indictment of the industry that provides care to at least one million of the 20 million Americans over age 65. Among its findings:

► Nursing homes are often unsafe. Investigation of a fire that killed 32 people in a nursing home in Marietta, Ohio, disclosed that the building failed to meet some safety standards, and that personnel had received no training in emergency procedures. The report goes on to note that though the Federal Government dispenses vast funds, inspection of the homes is left to the states, which are often less than diligent.

► Nursing-home care is poor. The report cites case after case in which homes were short-staffed—to a point where one home had only three people to cover an intensive-care floor of more than 50 patients. Those who are employed are often poorly trained for their jobs. As a result, many patients have waited hours for medical care. Cruelty to patients is also common, report Nader's Raiders, whose personal journals record instances in which elderly people

quies and disclosures that are needed to reduce the institutional violence and cruelty that are rampant."

To remedy the situation, Nader recommends for nursing homes receiving federal funds: rigorous enforcement of existing standards, stricter medical review and licensing procedures, as well as the development of such alternatives as subsidized private housing and income care for the elderly.

Nader's report has already come under attack from at least one industry spokesman. L. Malcolm Rodman, executive director of the Maryland Health Facilities Association, called the study "clandestine, superficial and haphazard." But the committee, which began its current investigations in January, seemed generally impressed by the testimony of Nader's young investigators. Senator Frank Moss, a Utah Democrat, is looking toward establishment of a corps of federal inspectors to see that the homes come up to standard. Moss also hopes to change the system of federal payments to reward those homes that provide high quality care and discourage those that do not.

## This pie contains at least 140 cherries or else!

Ever been disappointed by a ready-to-bake fruit pie, or wished you could eat the pretty picture on the package rather than the pie itself? Sometimes they contain so little fruit and so much filler that the distance between one cherry and another is often a pitiable length.

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**Employers Insurance of Wausau**

## SPORT

# TIME's All-America Team:

**T**HOUGH graduation is many months away, a select corps of college seniors has already completed its toughest course: three long, hard seasons on the gridiron. For most of the students, Jan. 28 will bring what amounts to the final exam. That is when the 26 teams that constitute the National Football League will meet to select their draft choices, and the pros are nothing if not thorough in casing the prospects. College records, glowing press clippings, gaudy trophies mean nothing in themselves. All that counts is a player's potential for prospering in the brutal world of pro football—a survival test that is measured in size, speed, strength and skill, plus a certain intangible that pro coaches like to call "desire." That is how TIME has chosen its All-America Team since 1958, and those were the criteria for the choices of 1970.

### OFFENSE

**QUARTERBACK.** Jim Plunkett, Stanford, 6 ft. 3 in., 210 lbs. In the so-called Year of the Quarterback, Plunkett stands taller than any competitor. Winner of the Heisman Trophy by a lopsided vote, he not only led the Indians to their first Rose Bowl bid in 18 years but rolled up 7,887 yds. in total offense, a new career record for major-college quarterbacks. Big and brawny enough to shake off tacklers, Plunkett is a classic pro-style drop-back passer with a strong, accurate arm at all ranges. Rival coaches praise his tactical knowledge, his knack for reading defenses, his ability to command "the utmost respect of his teammates"—all highly negotiable currency in the pros, who are quite likely to peg him No. 1 in the draft. The pros are also high on Archie Manning of Ole Miss, 6 ft. 3½ in., 205 lbs. A scrambler in the mold of the New York Giants' Fran Tarkenton, Manning can pick out a receiver in a crowd of defenders and hit him with a pinpoint pass. He has the height to see over mountainous linemen and the speed (10.2 sec. for the 100-yd. dash) to turn the ends for long gainers. Beyond that, he possesses that rare quality that marks all great quarterbacks: the instinct to call the right play at the right time.

**RUNNING BACKS.** John Brockington, Ohio State, 6 ft. 1 in., 216 lbs.; and Steve Worster, Texas, 6 ft., 210 lbs. Brockington, a pile-driving plunger who "picks up three yards when the hole isn't there," as one pro scout was overheard to remark, set an O.S.U. record this season with 1,040 yds. gained. Ranked as one of the best of a long line of classic Buckeye fullbacks, he is also an effective receiver on swing patterns and has great breakaway speed. In fact, he is also used on some kickoff returns. Worster is nicknamed King Kong, and the pros understand why: "He runs like a four-hundred-pound gorilla—crooked but with power." Working out of Texas' wish-bone-T attack, he is a punishing blocker who cracks into the line just as hard on a fake hand-off as when he is carrying the ball. Voted the Player of the Year in the Southwest Conference, he has averaged more than 5 yds. a carry over three seasons and scored 36 touchdowns—eight more than any back in Texas history.

**WIDE RECEIVERS.** J.D. Hill, Arizona State, 6 ft. 1 in., 197 lbs.; and Elmo Wright, Houston, 6 ft., 195 lbs. Hill has all the makings of the ideal pro receiver: the speed, the moves, the spring, the hands and the power to blast free after a catch. Whippet quick, he runs the 100 in 9.3 sec., an advantage he used to stunning effect in returning punts and kickoffs for the Sun Devils. Hauling in 58 passes for ten touchdowns this season, Hill was the leading scorer in the West-

ern Athletic Conference. Wright, as they say, "is one of those guys who smell the goal line." In three seasons, despite the fact that Houston is primarily a running team, he scored 34 touchdowns to set a new N.C.A.A. record for receivers. Says one scout: "He can judge the deep ball, can sense where the defender is and can make the big, game-turning play." As for running after the catch, one teammate says: "They ought to give Elmo a red light and a siren when he gets the ball. He's just flat dangerous."

**TIGHT END.** Jan White, Ohio State, 6 ft. 2 in., 216 lbs. Rated by football men as

### OFFENSE



PLUNKETT



BROCKINGTON



WORSTER



HILL



WRIGHT



THOMPSON



WHITE



DIERDORF



HOLLAND



ALLISON



MONTGOMERY

"one of the best all-round athletes in sight," White is a triple threat—a remarkably versatile player whom the pros could easily turn into a wide receiver or a running back. Swift, shifty and sticky-fingered, he is a crunching blocker whom the experts admire for his amazingly consistent performances and his all-devouring desire. He has played in only one losing game in his high school and college career. **GUARDS.** Henry Allison, San Diego State, 6 ft. 2½ in., 250 lbs.; and Vernon Holland, Tennessee State, 6 ft. 6 in., 276 lbs. A converted tight end, Allison is rated by one scout as "very likely the year's best pro prospect." He has the speed to pull out and lead sweeps, and is a tower of strength in front of a passing quarterback. Holland is perhaps even quick-



# Prime Prospects for the Pros

er, a kind of souped-up tank who simply blows people out of the way on a running play. Though he is still developing, experts agree that he will have no trouble fitting into the pro line-up immediately.

**TACKLES.** Marv Montgomery, Southern California, 6 ft. 6 in., 259 lbs.; and Dan Dierdorf, Michigan, 6 ft. 4 in., 243 lbs. Like U.S.C.'s previous All-America tackles, Sid Smith and Ron Yary, Montgomery is a quick giant who is at his aggressive best when bowling over down-field defenders. There is little chance of avoiding him: a junior college hurdle champion and a high jumper who has



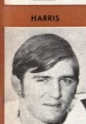
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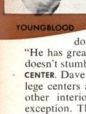
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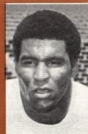
YOUNGBLOOD



ANDERSON



WEAVER



ROBERTSON



WILLINGHAM



SCOTT



TATUM

## DEFENSE

**ENDS.** Bill Atteiss, Texas, 6 ft. 3 in., 252 lbs.; and Jack Youngblood, Florida, 6 ft. 5 in., 246 lbs. Atteiss is the charging bull in the Longhorns' defense, a kind of one-man stampede. Texas Coach Darrell Royal calls him a "superplayer, who hasn't played a bad game in three years." As another coach puts it with telling simplicity: "He just gets out there and stirs folks around." Florida's Youngblood creates a different kind of havoc. Deceptively fast for his size, he reads screens and swing passes so adroitly that he intimidates quarterbacks by his mere presence.

**TACKLES.** Richard Harris, Grambling, 6 ft. 5 in., 265 lbs.; and Tody Smith, Southern California, 6 ft. 5 in., 250 lbs. As menacing as any of the great pro linemen Grambling has turned out (Ernie Ladd, Willie Davis, Buck Buchanan), Harris is the quickest of the bunch—as fast, coaches swear, as some of the team's running backs. "When he decides he's going in," says one scout, "that's it. You can't keep him out." Though Southern Cal's Smith missed six games this season because of injuries, he will not be overlooked by the pro recruiters. Rearing up like a grizzly, he is tall and rangy enough "to bat down passes like flies." He may need some seasoning, but the pro feel that he already compares favorably with Big Brother Bubba of the Baltimore Colts.

**LINEBACKERS.** Jack Ham, Penn State, 6 ft. 2 in., 220 lbs.; Isiah Robertson, Southern University, 6 ft. 3 in., 225 lbs.; and Charlie Weaver, Southern California, 6 ft. 2 in., 217 lbs. Ham, say the pros, is "a good journeyman linebacker who reacts like a bird dog." Able to sense sweeps and reverses, he consistently cracks through for the play-breaking tackle. A speedster, he blocked four punts while at Penn State. Robertson is known as "the black Dick Butkus." Like the Chicago Bears' star, he is a ferocious charger who is in on nearly every play. This season alone he accounted for 112 solo tackles and 45 assists. Weaver is regarded by many observers as the quickest man at his position. "Against any ordinary option," says U.S.C. Coach John McKay, "Charlie Weaver is the only man I know who can take both the quarterback and the pitch man."

**CORNERBACKS.** Tim Anderson, Ohio State, 6 ft., 194 lbs.; and Clarence Scott, Kansas State, 6 ft. 1 in., 180 lbs. Anderson, says a recruiter, has "that battling temperament to stay with his man no matter what." Speedier than many of the receivers he covers, he figures to be a pro starter in his rookie season. Scott's career statistics at Kansas State tell all: 121 tackles, 67 assists, 3 fumble recoveries, 25 passes broken up and 12 interceptions. As one pro recruiter puts it: "He knows how to get where he's going before the ball does."

**SAFETIES.** Larry Willingham, Auburn, 6 ft. 1 in., 185 lbs.; and Jack Tatum, Ohio State, 6 ft., 204 lbs. The report on Willingham—"smart, covers well, reacts fast, uses hands to optimum effect"—might have been compiled by a rival-college receiver; this season Auburn's opponents completed just one pass against the hard-nosed defensive back. "He is one of those great athletes you can't go wrong on," says a pro who has observed him. Tatum has been the terror of the Big Ten since his sophomore year. An aggressive, wide-ranging defender and bone-jarring tackler, he figures to become a permanent fixture in the pro secondary. "His pursuit is fantastic," says a scout, "and he's muscular enough to intimidate the hell out of receivers on the bump-and-run. He's a wild man. He's tough, he's everything."

cleared 6 ft. 6 in., he is literally all over the field. Whenever Michigan needed crucial rushing yardage this season, Dierdorf was the man called upon to blast open the hole. "He has great feet, agility and balance," says one scout. "He doesn't stumble or yield on pass blocking. He hangs in there."

**CENTER.** Dave Thompson, Clemson, 6 ft. 4 in., 263 lbs. Big college centers are so hard to find that the pros often pick another interior lineman to fill the post. This year is no exception. Thompson, who played center in his junior year, moved over to offensive guard this season while filling in at center on punts and place kicks. As one observer put it: "He's so big he can stand straight up after centering the ball and become a screen for the quarterback."



APPLICANTS FOR CITY LABORERS' JOBS IN LOS ANGELES



NIXON WITH NEW G.N.P. CLO

## BUSINESS

# 1970: The Year of the Hangover

**I**N business, 1970 was the year of the hangover. The nation suffered the painful consequences of the economic overindulgence that began in 1965 when Lyndon Johnson expanded both welfare programs and the war in Viet Nam without benefit of a tax increase. That policy resulted in one of the longest, most severe inflations in American history: five years of accelerating price increases. In the so-far unsuccessful struggle to contain that inflation, the U.S. in 1970 stumbled into a recession that Richard Nixon had promised to avoid.

It was the fifth recession since World War II—and the mildest—but it interrupted the greatest advance of prosperity that the nation had ever known. The shock of unexpected reverses left deep psychological scars on businessmen, workers, shareholders and politicians. Almost every segment of the population felt aggrieved. Reflecting the uncommon discontent, Brooks McCormick, president of International Harvester Co., said: "The nicest thing about 1970 is that it's over."

Most statistical indexes slumped. Falling in every month but two, industrial production sank 5.3%. Almost one-quarter of the nation's industrial capacity lay idle, creating a large gap between the actual and the potential growth of the economy, if its resources of manpower and plant had been fully utilized.\* Retail sales foundered, and corporate profit margins retreated to their lowest level in twelve years. The nation's real output of goods and services declined about .2%. That happened because the 5.3% price inflation more than offset the 5.1% growth of gross national product.

Last week—much later than had been

previously expected—the sheer momentum of the mighty but misfiring U.S. economic machine lifted the annual rate of G.N.P. over the \$1 trillion-a-year mark. Despite the tarnish that inflation placed on that achievement, President Nixon appeared for ceremonies at the Commerce Department's new gross national product clock—a brightly lit and buzzing electronic gadget that ticks off the nation's estimated economic growth at the rate of \$2,000 a second. Said Nixon: "We hope to keep it moving, and perhaps move it faster in the years ahead."

**Spasm of Cost Cutting.** When 1970 began, few corporate chiefs foresaw a slowdown as great as the one that occurred. They reacted with a spasm of cost cutting, which Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns calls "more widespread and more intense" than at any time since World War II. Unprofitable products were dropped, inefficient factories closed, research projects curtailed, advertising budgets pruned. It was the year of the layoff. Labor hoarding gave way to payroll paring at every level. Liaison men, coordinators and other functionaries with fuzzily defined duties proved to be particularly vulnerable. Layers of superfluous executives, built up over the euphoric years, were fired or pushed into early retirement. As part of one hold-down, the assistant controller of a Pittsburgh steel company daringly recommended that his job be consolidated with that of his boss. It was—but the assistant got the ax. Adding irony to his agony, he was then asked by the controller for a final evaluation of the staff. "Well," he replied, "I'll start by telling you that you're the worst boss I've ever had."

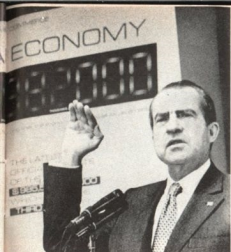
Unemployment rose from 3.9% in January to 5.8% in November, the highest in seven years, and 4,600,000 people were out of work. Surprisingly, job-

lessness among blacks increased at a rate well below its historic pattern in business slumps. For many years, the black unemployment rate has been twice or more the white rate; this year the ratio shrank to 1.73 to 1. Reasons: there has been some decline in discrimination, blacks have built up seniority by now, and they have many jobs in service trades, in which layoffs have not been as severe. Joblessness among professional and technical workers doubled, as did the number of persons unemployed for 15 weeks or more, a figure that is considered a crucial measure of real hardship. Early this month some 1,300 Los Angeles turned out to take examinations in the hope of qualifying for 112 city jobs as unskilled laborers at \$540 a month.

**Who Needs Hollywood?** The Government's reduction in war spending accounted for much of the new unemployment. Labor Secretary James D. Hodgson points out that at least one-third of the rise in joblessness during the past 18 months came from defense cutbacks: net reductions of 500,000 servicemen, 130,000 Defense Department civilian employees and 1,500,000 defense workers. Stubborn pockets of high unemployment in Seattle (10.9%), Wichita, Kans. (9.3%), and Bridgeport, Conn. (7.1%) bear witness to the disrupted careers of Americans who once got high pay in high-technology industries. Some have moved to Europe or Mexico in search of work. Boston Engineer Arnold Limberg once earned \$20,000 a year preparing secret reports on moon-landing test procedures. After his firing, he turned in desperation to odd jobs. Limberg charges \$5 an hour for yard work, \$6 for painting and \$7 for roofing or carpentry. "You name it, I'll do it," says he. "In a good week, I sometimes earn \$200."

A wide variety of industries fell into

\* The growth gap is measured in terms of constant dollars at the 1958 rate, in order to discount the effects of inflation.



AT COMMERCE DEPARTMENT

serious trouble in 1970. Moviemakers struggled unsuccessfully to overcome the handicap of lower labor costs and government subsidies that have lured American producers overseas. About half of the films shown in the U.S. this year were foreign-made. Short of cash, many studios sold off valuable real estate, chopped production and consolidated offices. About 80% of the members of the Screen Actors Guild had no work. Quipped Bob Hope: "The only actor still working in California is Ronnie Reagan."

Among other depressed industries, airlines had their worst year ever because of soaring operating costs, meager traffic growth and huge outlays for jumbo jets. A sensitive indicator of the U.S. economy, airline traffic goes into a dive whenever business in general weakens. This year companies reduced business travel, presidents moved back to the tourist-class cabin, and families postponed faraway vacation trips. The nation's twelve major airlines expect to

lose as much as \$125 million before taxes in 1970; Trans World Airlines alone will show a deficit of up to \$65 million. The industry predicts even bigger losses in 1971 and 1972, although it has made stringent economies. The number of flights has been reduced, and United even saved \$250,000 a year by eliminating macadamia nuts on most runs (passengers get peanuts instead).<sup>\*</sup>

**Highway Robbery.** For automakers, 1970 was the toughest year in at least a decade. Buyers spurned big models in favor of less profitable compacts, minicars and fast-increasing imports (now 15% of the U.S. domestic market). Restive dealers grumbled over what they considered to be excessive factory control, reductions in their price markups, and the "dumping" of unwanted cars on their sales lots. Discontented customers demanded more reliability and easier repair—at a time when management found it increasingly hard to maintain quality output in their plants, in great part because of worker unrest. The eight-week strike against General Motors made a weak year even worse. In 1970 the U.S. is expected to produce 6,550,000 cars, down from 8,219,000 last year.

There were many other causes of business distress. While consumer demand for goods and services softened, U.S. labor's demands for more wages and fringes hardened. The nation lost more working time through strikes—60 million man-days—than in any year in the past decade. Major union contracts negotiated in the first nine months of 1970 called for annual increases averaging 10%. In a modern form of highway robbery, the militant Teamsters imposed a

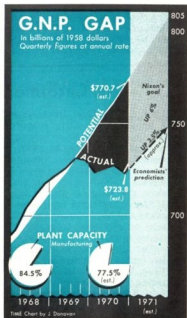
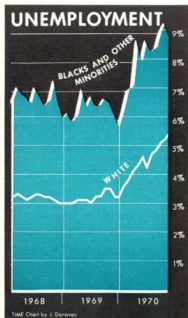
15% increase, thus setting a target for the rest of organized labor. To head off what could have been a nation-paralyzing strike, Congress voted to give a boost of 13½¢ to some 350,000 railway workers. Wage-push inflation got its strongest nudge in construction; union craftsmen wrung out raises averaging 17½%. As a result, many skilled workers will be earning about \$20,000 a year by 1972. Building pay is so lofty partly because many of the 18 craft unions have for years resisted opening their ranks to newcomers.

On top of the economic problems, social and racial tensions aggravated businessmen's distress in 1970. Shoplifting has tripled since 1959. The trend alarms many merchants, who point out that pilferage now costs them—and their customers—2½¢ out of every dollar of sales. Insurance executives, defending themselves against the public outcry over mass cancellations of burglary and fire policies, argue that private companies can hardly be expected to absorb the cost of crime and urban violence.

**Change in Psychology.** Most of 1970's economic headaches, however, were caused by the deliberate action of Government. In its belated battle to control inflation, the Federal Reserve Board had set its monetary dial at "full stop" in mid-1969. Between then and February of this year, the board squeezed the nation's money supply so severely that it rose at an annual rate of only 2½%. The effect was to throttle bank lending, drive interest rates to their highest level since the Civil War, and ultimately to slow down business in general.

Through the early part of the year, inflation psychology kept its grip on the minds of investors and businessmen. Then, in the space of a month, two events turned the mood from hope to

\* A small pack of macadamias had cost United 9¢, and the line had been using 5,000,000 packs a year. The peanuts cost 4¢.





gloom and brought the nation closer to financial panic than at any time since the 1930s.

First, stock prices plummeted. From Jan. 1 to May 26, which was the blackest day of the bear market, the Dow-Jones industrial average sank from 800 to an eight-year low of 631. During that period alone, the paper loss for securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange was \$113 billion, and the nation's 31 million investors lost an average of \$3,645 each. The losses were even more severe for stocks on the American Stock Exchange and on the over-the-counter market. The latter came close to collapse for many days during the late spring. Since then, the stock market has rebounded, though many faded glamour stocks remain 70% below their highs of a few years ago. The Dow-Jones average closed last week at 823, far down from its alltime high of 995 in February 1966.

**Biggest Collapse.** The second shattering event of 1970 was the biggest collapse in U.S. corporate history. On June 21 the Penn Central Transportation Co., owner of the nation's largest railroad, went bankrupt. The Penn Central had

fears that the \$40 billion market in commercial paper might fall apart, starting a series of business failures.

The Federal Reserve's prime job is to prevent just such disasters. After Texas Congressman Wright Patman, an arch-enemy of banks and railroads, blocked the Nixon Administration's efforts to prop up the Pennsy with a \$200 million loan guarantee, the Federal Reserve moved swiftly to steer the financial system out of danger. The board made a special point of offering to advance credit to commercial banks through its "discount window," providing them with much needed funds for relending to corporations that had to pay off commercial paper. The mechanism was conventional, but the need for speed was so urgent that five top officers of the New York Federal Reserve Bank spread news of the rescue scheme by making weekend phone calls to key Manhattan bankers. Banks borrowed heavily from the Federal Reserve, and advanced some \$2 billion to cash-shy corporations. In addition, the board relaxed its controversial Regulation Q, which had limited the amount of interest that banks could pay for large deposits. Result: Banks picked up \$13 billion more by marketing certificates of deposit.

The Federal Reserve Board thus narrowly averted a liquidity crisis—but not without a few tense moments. Some financially embarrassed companies had trouble refinancing their commercial paper. In one case, Chrysler Chairman Lynn Townsend flew to Manhattan and arranged a \$400 million increase in the company's line of credit from a group of banks. Many other cash-hungry companies were not so fortunate. Business failures in 1970 rose to a three-year peak of about 10,000, and the sums of money involved reached an alltime high.

Companies that had thrived by borrowing and expanding recklessly simply collapsed. Several franchising chains took a clobbering, including International Industries' House of Pancakes, Joe Namath's Broadway Joe's and Minnie Pearl's Chicken System. So did comput-



MANHATTAN BANK DEPOSITORS  
Bonuses f

er software firms and rickety conglomerates. Flamboyant, fast-talking entrepreneurs toppled like dominoes. Among them was Bernard Cornfeld, the expatriate superelement who had built Investors Overseas Services into the largest mutual fund organization selling shares to foreigners. Denver's John King, whose King Resources sold interests in oil wells and other holes in the ground, tried to come to Cornfeld's rescue with a loan. Instead, King himself was caught in a money bind and ousted by his board. Keith Barish, 26, a financial whiz who had made Nassau's Gramco Management Ltd. the second-ranking offshore mutual fund complex, was also hit by a wave of fund redemptions that forced him to suspend some operations. Several big-thinking Texans were deflated. James Ling, whose merger magic had expanded a tiny electrical firm into a \$3.75 billion conglomerate, Ling-Teneco-Vought Inc., was deplored by nervous bankers. Oil Millionaire John Mecom petitioned for bankruptcy.

**Ripples from the Rates.** Much of the financial distress has been alleviated since the Federal Reserve Board again began expanding the money supply. Since Arthur Burns took over as chairman in February, the board has fairly



PRE-CHRISTMAS SALE IN LOS ANGELES  
The consumer is the key to '71.

long been a victim of mismanagement and executive infighting, but it was pushed right off the tracks by its inability to refinance \$152 million of its commercial paper. Such paper is a form of unsecured, short-term IOU. When money became difficult to borrow from banks, scores of corporations issued commercial paper to raise funds. Because such securities are usually bought by other companies that have spare cash to invest, a series of defaults could have spread financial shock waves throughout the U.S. business community. The Penn Central debacle caused well-founded

## The Christmas Consumer as Scrooge

IN Knoxville, Tenn., free buses with red-studded drivers carry shoppers from free parking lots to downtown department stores, five blocks away. In Cincinnati, retailers offer "breakfast with Santa" and let kiddies choose between a black St. Nick and a white one. To seduce the shoppers, stores across the U.S. are resorting to unprecedented gimmicks and highly unusual pre-Christmas sales on everything from housewares to Teddy bears.

For all this attention, the consumer has turned into something of a Scrooge. Even The Salvation Army is having trouble prying dimes out of him. In department stores, cash-register tapes for the Christmas season are running scarce-

ly above last year's cheerless levels. The National Retail Merchants Association in November had predicted a rise of 6%. Then its officials took one look at the early returns and revised their forecast to a 3% or 4% gain. Considering inflation, that would amount to as much as a 3% drop in the volume of goods actually sold.

**Practical Gifts.** Even more ominous than total sales are the signs that a new parsimony in gift giving has infected the public. "The average sale is going to be down this year," says Robert Daly, Chicago district manager of Montgomery Ward. "Christmas business is spotty," adds Ralph Lazarus, chairman of Federated Department





BEING FITTED FOR WIGS  
the thrifty.

consistently increased the money supply at an annual rate of 5% or 6%. Because it usually takes six to nine months for changes in money policy to turn the economy around, the effects of ease have only recently been felt.

Since November, long-term interest rates have declined more swiftly than at any time in the last century. Rates on average-grade corporate bonds, for example, have fallen from 9.05% to 7.80%. A smaller drop in mortgage interest rates, which now average 8.45%, has helped builders to increase the annual rate of housing starts by 59% from January to November. The main force behind the housing rebound, however, has been an astonishing rise in federal subsidies and loans. About one-third of the houses and apartments built this year received some federal subsidy, and next year close to half of them will get aid from Washington.

**Jumping Through Hoops.** The year 1970 was also notable because, more than ever before, the talk about consumer protection turned into action. Many businessmen had long scoffed at consumerism: Campbell Soup President W.B. Murphy once called the movement "a fad, of the same order as the hula hoop." Through gutsy persistence—and

with help from the ecological activists—consumer protectors have forced Government and business to change. This year businessmen had to jump through the hoops of federal regulations, frequently issued by agencies long considered too impotent to act.

Sometimes trivial, often aggravating, occasionally frightening, hundreds of rulings by federal arbiters made life tougher for businessmen. Last month the U.S. Forest Service infuriated lumbermen by sharply curtailing the amount of timber that they may cut in national forests. Loggers insist that the conservationist-inspired move will drive lumber prices through the roof as housing construction rises. Last week the Food and Drug Administration made its 350th move of the year against dubious or dangerous products. Having discovered traces of poisonous mercury in test samples, officials persuaded grocers to recall nearly 1,000,000 cans of tuna from the shelves for further testing. Depending on how much of the total tuna pack is finally classified as unsafe to eat (none so far), FDA experts estimate that the loss to canners may reach as high as \$84 million.

For polluters, former Interior Secretary Walter Hickel poured trouble on oiled waters. Prodded by Hickel, the Justice Department sued a subsidiary of Standard Oil of California for flouting federal safety rules before the Gulf of Mexico fire and oil spill blackened the Louisiana coast. A court fined the company \$1,000,000, the largest penalty for polluting ever imposed on an American firm. State governments also struck blows for the consumer. Wisconsin's Supreme Court found J.C. Penney Co. guilty of violating the state's 12% usury ceiling by collecting 18%-a-year interest on revolving charge accounts. In similar cases, a Connecticut court ruled against Sears, Roebuck, and this month Minnesota sued Montgomery Ward.

The auto industry found that it was becoming the national scapegoat not only for air pollution but for a grab

bag of the nation's ills. Urban congestion? The auto caused it. Land-scarring superhighways? Detroit's fault. Last week Congress adopted a strong clean-air bill requiring carmakers to produce a nearly pollution-free auto engine within six years—despite pleas from the industry that it needs more time to devise the necessary technology. Reports TIME Detroit Bureau Chief Peter Vanderwicken: "The industry is reeling from these attacks. Its leaders are hurt and baffled by the flood of criticism. They are on the defensive and acting like it."

**Shape of Tomorrow.** Consumer Crusader Ralph Nader kept winning plaudits—and practical victories. In part because of the safer autos that he helped force automakers to build, highway fatalities are expected to show their first significant decline this year since 1958. The toll will drop 2%, to about 55,400. Speaking of automen's accumulating problems, Henry Ford II predicts: "Never before has American business been under such great pressure to change. Neither business in general nor the auto business in particular will survive in its present form."

While it tries to cope with longer-



EX-ENGINEER LIMBERG AT WORK  
"You name it, I'll do it."

Stores. "Shoppers are buying pure necessities but not luxury items," complains Richard Lusk, head of the Denver Retail Merchants Association.

Almost to a man, store managers report a decline in sales of expensive items like jewelry and furs and a shift to cheaper and more practical gifts like electric hair combs and digital clocks. In Manhattan, Lord & Taylor advertised a selection of gifts—nothing over \$8. Georg Jensen's found that normally fast-moving \$1,500 jewelry was being passed up in favor of the \$25-to-\$125 variety. The best-known store in Texas has dropped from its popular Christmas catalogue the traditional tips on "How to spend a million dollars at Neiman-Marcus."

What has soured the eggnog of human kindness? "Uncertainty," says John

Coulter, an official of Chicago's Association of Commerce and Industry. "Not only about jobs, but also about prices. Unfortunately, one of the easiest times to save money is around Christmas."

**Sitting Out the Battle.** Though it is over, the General Motors strike still hurts. Detroit stores have been quiet so far, and one last week began "the biggest clothing clearance in our history." The confusion in women's fashions is partly to blame. While midis are beginning to catch on in some cities, most women are simply sitting out the battle of the hemlines. At week's end Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans reported to President Nixon that Christmas sales were "fairly brisk" and that apparel was moving well. The Secretary took pains to note an upsurge in the sale of women's pantsuits.

term problems, management can take at least some short-term comfort in the widespread prediction that business will improve during 1971. By most measures, the recession is over. Having suffered the headaches of the hangover, business will benefit increasingly from the stiff anti-inflationary medicine imposed this year. For one thing, productivity will increase in 1971, probably by 4% or more. That will contribute to a rebound in profits and a moderation in the rate of price raises.

Productivity will show gains largely because companies, having learned to

## Predictions for 1971

THE hazards of economic forecasting are more intense than usual for 1971 because of the uncertainty about how expansive fiscal and monetary policy will be. Still, most members of TIME's Board of Economists

are bravely willing to put forward the key numbers. TIME's board, which met with the editorial staff and supplied many of the insights for the accompanying story, makes these predictions for 1971:

	G.N.P. (in billions)	Real Growth	Inflationary Growth*	Total Growth	Unemployment Average	Peak
Otto Eckstein	\$1,045	3%	3.8%	6.8%	5.8%	6%
David Grove	1,058	4.2%	4%	8.2%	5.5%	6%
Robert Nathan	1,048	3.8%	3.4%	7.2%	5.6%	6.2%
Joseph Pechman	1,045	2.75%	4.2%	6.9%	5.8%	6%
Beryl Sprinkel	1,050	4%	3.4%	7.4%	5.4%	6.2%

\*As measured by the "G.N.P. deflator," which calculates the average prices of a given year's output and takes into account seasonal adjustments and other factors. Though it is the broadest measure of inflation, the deflator frequently shows a 1% to 1% smaller price increase than the more familiar consumer price index.

live with less manpower, will be slow to take back the laid-off workers and executives. At the same time, there will probably be a reduction in the hiring of the newer, younger workers who have always provided the fresh ideas—the zip and leaven—for business. Unemployment will climb next year, probably exceeding 6% during some months before tapering off later in 1971. The members of TIME's Board of Economists foresee relatively high unemployment, coupled with about a 3½% rate of real economic growth and close to a 4% rate of inflation. That would make for a total of something more than 7% growth in the gross national product, lifting it from \$977 billion this year to \$1,045 trillion or \$1,055 trillion next year.

The Nixon Administration wants more. It is hoping for a 6% spurt in real growth for the year—or an astronomical

8% if measured from this year's strike-depressed fourth quarter to next year's fourth quarter. That unlikely rate of gain would lift the G.N.P. to \$1,060 trillion. Beyond that, Nixon is aiming to go into the 1972 elections having achieved both reasonably full employment and reasonably stable prices. Almost all economists outside the President's immediate circle agree that such a feat is nearly impossible in such a short time.

Nixon has tried redefining his targets to make victory easier. A year ago, his closest economic aides said that they were aiming to reduce the rate of inflation to 1½% or 2% by the end of 1971. Now they say that 3%, or perhaps a bit more, would represent price stability. Until lately, Administration officers have defined "full employment" as a 4% rate of joblessness. Recently they began talking of getting down to "the 4% zone," and at his last press conference, Nixon implied that anything "lower than 5%" would be a commendable showing.

**Gung-Ho for Growth?** Whatever the numbers, the President has to decide on which of two policies to emphasize. Should he aim for a modest rate of economic recovery, risking a continuation of high unemployment? Or should he strive for a faster snapback, risking more inflation later? Every sign now indicates that the President, prodded by Chief Economist Paul McCracken and Budget Boss George Shultz, has made a decision to go for speedy, job-creating growth. It remains to be seen whether John Connally, Nixon's surprise choice for Secretary of the Treasury, will alter the strategy. Though he has Texas populist roots, Connally is considered to be an economic conservative.

The easiest way to put people back to work is to put more money into the economy. That can be done by expanding the budget deficit or increasing the money supply, or by using a combination of both. In either case the President's power is limited. He can increase the budget only if Congress

agrees, and he may well run into resistance from Capitol Hill's fiscal conservatives, as well as from Democratic liberals who are not at all eager to help his re-election drive. One possibility is that Nixon will offer only token opposition to spending bills that he dislikes, and allow the budget to tumble \$15 billion or \$20 billion into the red.

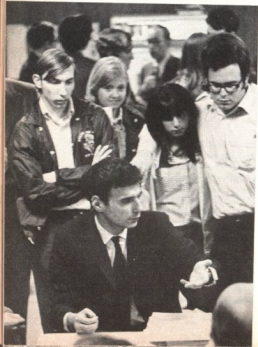
Then there is the question of the money supply. In his speech to the National Association of Manufacturers three weeks ago, the President said that Burns had given him a "commitment" that the Federal Reserve Board would "provide fully for the increasing monetary needs of an expanding economy." The following week, Burns, in a typically Delphic passage in a speech, left policy-watchers guessing as to whether any such deal had been struck. Most common guess: no. Besides, Burns is only *primus inter pares* on the Reserve's twelve-man Open Market Committee, which regulates the money flow. A number of anti-inflation hawks on the committee, notably the New York Federal Reserve's Alfred Hayes, recently voted against faster expansion.

**A Matter of Mood.** Even if more money pours forth from Congress or the Federal Reserve, the big question is how much jittery consumers will spend. "The consumer is the key to 1971," says Harvard's Otto Eckstein, reflecting the overall view of TIME's Board of Economists. "If retailing does not do very well next year, nothing else will."

This year the American consumer has been saving at an unprecedented rate of 7.3% of his income, and banks have tried to attract more deposits by offering gifts like appliances, luggage and wigs for women. The average American family has a fat \$7,610 put away in savings accounts. Usually, a lot of money begins to burn a hole in the consumer's pocket, and a splurge of spending begins. But the usual consumer psychology may have changed. Last week George Katona, a consumer expert who heads the University of Michigan Survey Research Center, reported that the consumer's confidence is low and still falling, largely because he is worried about his job security and about a prolonged recession. In marked contrast to earlier years, says Katona, today's consumers spend money freely only when they are in the right mood to do so, rather than because they urgently need goods and services. Katona believes that buying habits are more affected than they once were by such problems as racial conflicts, student riots, crime, even pollution.

In 1971, to a much greater degree than in most years, the state of the economy will be determined by the mood of the people. Compared with 1970, it should be a fairly good year for business. Whether it will be better than that will depend on what the President does, more through deeds than words, to inspire the confidence of the American businessman and consumer.

NADER AT SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY



KEITH BROWN—SYRACUSE HEE



HAWN & SELLERS



GOULD & GIRL FRIEND

## CINEMA

### Stocking Stuffers

**THERE'S A GIRL IN MY SOUP**—but it might as well be a crouton. In other words, the film, adapted by British Author Terence Frisby, is about as dreary as his play of the same name. Peter Sellers is cast as the galloping gourmet of British television and the Errol Flynn (albeit a spindly one) of the British boudoir. Prinking Lotharios always meet their match, of course, and Sellers' downfall comes at the hand of a goofy colonial bird (Goldie Hawn). Sellers is fitfully amusing when not indulging an inexplicable penchant for removing his clothes. But not even his comic talents can keep this writer's Frisby aloft.

**I LOVE MY WIFE** is just about what you'd expect from the author of *Getting Straight* and the director of *If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium*: a limp, adolescent, pseudo-hip study of the comic

agonies of an unhappily married contemporary man. Elliott Gould, of course, is the star, and he shuffles through the cretinous proceedings with the guilty look of someone who has been through it all so many times before that he should know better. *I Love My Wife* is the kind of assembly-line candy bar movie that induces in an audience rage, stupor or pimples.

**HOMER** is a well-intentioned film about a young man's growing intolerance for his parents, his home town and his life in Middle America. Too often the script is predictable, the situations pure pastiche. But Director John Trent has a subtle feeling for the nuances of small-town life, and scenes such as a going-away party for a Viet Nam-bound soldier are filled with a sense of quiet poetry that might have pleased Sherwood Anderson. In the cast are Tisa Farrow, Mia's preternaturally sen-

sual younger sister, and (as Homer) a robust young actor named Don Scardino, who is the most genial and talented young leading man to appear since Beau Bridges.

**ADAM AT 6 A.M.** also concerns itself with youth and Middle America. The son of upper-middle-class parents, Adam flees his plush Los Angeles home for a summer in the heartland. He winds up in Missouri, where he gets a job with a road gang and meets one of those teenage girls (Lee Purcell) who favor pink and pigtails, and announce with pride: "I was valedictorian of my high school class." He falls in love with both the girl and the country, but neither romance can sustain the burden of examination and analysis to which Adam constantly subjects them. The film is too slick by half, and often uses caricatures instead of characters. But it at least refuses to give simplistic answers to complex questions.

**FOOLS** are two leftovers from *A Thousand Clowns*. The girl has changed from Barbara Harris to Katharine Ross, but the man remains Jason Robards. Once again he plays the crumpled buffoon, out of step with society, delivering loud, whimsical broadsides against such well-riddled targets as the Establishment, traffic and the FBI. His paramour is 25 years his junior, and her attachment for such a droning bore may be ascribed to callowness or to a classic Electra complex. But she is still the dream-child of *The Graduate* and the only visible excuse for an overblown farce that collapses into bloody and unmotivated tragedy.

**FLAP** serves notice that the plight of the American Indian has reached the exploitation stage. As Flapping Eagle, a proud ex-Army sergeant on an Arizona reservation, Anthony Quinn boldly plays Zorba the drunk redskin. Abetted by a wispy intellectual with the decidedly un-militant name of Eleven Snowflake (Tony Bill) and a bleary stereotype called Lobo (Claude Akins), Flapping Eagle decides to foment a three-brave revolution against white civilization. Guess who dies (but whose spirit lives on)?

**HORNETS' NEST** is a weird little war movie full of bizarre energy and merciless violence, a kind of *Dirty Dozen* *Reach Puberty*. The plot has to do with a group of Italian war orphans who capture a downed American paratrooper (Rock Hudson) and enlist his aid in wreaking bloody revenge on the Nazi occupation forces. There is one sardonic sequence where he teaches the kids to shoot machine guns and another, quite brutal, where they all joyously massacre a town full of Nazis. Director Phil Karlson's fadeout is hopelessly sentimental, and there is a subplot about a woman doctor that sabotages a goodly portion of the film, but *Hornets' Nest* survives all this as a morbid if minor curiosity.



HUDSON



FARROW



QUINN

Bizarre energy, good intentions and Zorba the Drunk.

## V-8 makes the Bloody Merrier.



Some people still make a Bloody Mary the same old way. Others are putting new life in the old girl with V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juice. Just take ice, 4 jiggers of "V-8" (6 oz.) and 1 of your old standby. So, always keep some handy because... "V-8" makes the Bloody Merrier.

**If it doesn't have "V-8,"  
it's not a Bloody Merrier.**



V-8 is a trademark of Campbell Soup Company.



## BOOKS

### Boz Will Be Boz

THE WORLD OF CHARLES DICKENS by Angus Wilson. 302 pages. Viking Press. \$12.95.

When Fyodor Dostoevsky was sentenced to four years in a Siberian labor camp, he requested only one kind of reading matter: books by Dickens. In mid-19th century New York, ships arriving with the latest installment of Dickens' *The Old Curiosity Shop* were met by anxious cries from the dock: "Is Little Nell dead?"

For a writer, such fame was unprecedented then, and has been unimaginable since. Not just fame, either, but ardor and devotion. In *The World of Charles Dickens*, English Novelist Angus Wilson suggests that Dickens, publishing most of his works in serial form, achieved the same intimate, regular contact with his audience as Scheherazade in his childhood favorite, *The Arabian Nights*. Dickens kept telling another tale. Jokes and fantasies, social and political critiques, plummy visions of Christmas swept from his pen. He even wrote a front-page article in his own magazine, *Household Words*, to explain and justify the breaking up of his staunchly Victorian marriage after 22 years.

**Debtors' Prison.** His contemporaries may well have felt they knew everything important about him. In fact, it was precisely the important things that they did not know. They did not know about the rat-ridden London warehouse that sagged over the Thames and was called Warren's Blacking Factory. At age twelve, Dickens was yanked from school and put to work there while his father and the rest of the family went into debtors' prison. So traumatic was his sense of shock and abandonment that although the experience lasted no more than five months, as a grown man he still would burst into tears whenever he found himself back in the neighborhood.

It is hardly news to Dickens specialists today that the blacking-factory episode, as Wilson puts it, "provided nearly a lifetime's impetus toward artistic creation." Wilson's scrutiny of the fierce personal drive that transformed an anonymous, victimized lad into the imitable Boz opens the way to a shrewd, wide-ranging analysis of Dickens' life and work. The result is the best all-round book on the subject for the general reader in years. Absorbing, gracefully written, freshly thought out, it is, in addition, that rare hybrid, a coffee-table book with both brains and beau-

ty. The glossy pages are strewn with well-selected (though skimpily captioned) illustrations that vividly reflect the squalor and especially the sentiment of 19th century England.

To Wilson, Dickens' determination to write sprang from a fear of sinking back into oblivion and poverty. His disenchantment with his parents primed him for his eventual satire of the feckless, posturing stratum of society that they epitomized. Father, an expansive but hopelessly improvident clerk, was to balloon into fiction as Mr. Micawber. Mother, with her snobbish faith in "connections" (one of whom was the manager of the blacking factory), would become not only Mrs. Micawber but later Mrs. Nickleby. "Peculiarly unfair" treatment for mother, Wilson concludes, but

young innocents set wandering in his books—the Oliver Twists and David Copperfields and Pips. Through them, his evocations of childhood and the child's point of view are still unmatched for sympathy and immediacy, as well as for their perceptive mixture of terror and delight.

**Submerged Society.** The teeming streets of London helped lend shape to Dickens' lifelong, horrified fascination with the submerged of Victorian society—the poor, the grotesque, especially the criminal. A long line of murderers stalk through Dickens' novels, from Bill Sikes in *Oliver Twist* to John Jasper in *Edwin Drood*. Among other things, they embody his belief in an irredeemable evil in human nature—a belief that tends to be forgotten because of the hilarity Dickens spread through even his darkest passages.

There is no Bozolatry in Wilson's book, even though it is part of the official commemoration of the centenary of Dickens' death. A centenary can be a fete worse than death. But at best it provides a good occasion to settle accounts, not just with Dickens but with his critics and interpreters. The past century has piled up a long bill of critical complaints that he was sentimental, arch and melodramatic; that he would never do what he could merely overdo. In recent decades, on the other hand, critics have rescued him from his earlier reputation as a hearthside moralist and improvising Toby-jug showman. Readers are now ready to acknowledge with Wilson that Dickens "leaps the century and speaks to our fears, our violence, our trust in the absurd, more than any other English Victorian writer." It no longer seems so far from the chancery court in *Bleak House* to Kafka's trial of Joseph K.

Nowhere does Dickens seem more modern than in his treatment of London. He prowled its streets at night so much during his lifetime that he found it hard to write without the inspiration of his "magic lantern," as he called the city. When he pulled the reader along, says Wilson, he brought the first "cinematic mobility" to the English novel: long tracking shots, like Oliver Twist's escapades in grimy alleys, where the scenes flash by like some satanic carnival; wide panoramas, like the scene in the brickyard in *Domby and Son*, where the city lies on the horizon like a vast, destructive machine; dreamlike overhead views, like the dawn in *Little Dorrit*, where the news of Financier Merdle's suicide spreads through the town like poison through an organism.

Dickens was the first poet of the modern industrial city: he saw it not only as a milieu but as a destiny. The characters he propelled through it were both



PORTRAIT OF DICKENS (1839)  
Hilarity, even in the darkest passages.

there was a special reason for that, too.

Dickens' feeling of being let down by his mother was the first of several jolts to his self-indulgent idealization of women. At 21 he tried to place a girl named Maria Beadnell in the role of an angelic object of worship. She ended by jilting him. Later he cast his wife—the bland, slightly perplexed daughter of one of his former editors—as the traditional loyal helpmeet. She seems to have ended by boring him. The result was that in his fiction he was never able to display a fully rounded view of women. Even his most memorable females—Esther Summerson in *Bleak House*, or Mrs. Gamp in *Martin Chuzzlewit*—are little more than ingenious cutouts, painted in brilliant hues of pathos and humor.

The forlorn, ill-fed Dickens who lodged alone during the blacking-factory days was the original of all the



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its living parts and the fuel it consumed. Their hugeness, their stylization, their compulsive verbalizing are all in part a response to the pressures the city exerts on them. This, as Critic V.S. Pritchett has pointed out, is the kinship that urbanized modern readers have with them: a dependence on the "private, mythmaking faculty" by which people dramatize their existence in a mass society. It is a kinship with Dickens as well. In the 1970s more than ever, the feeling he once voiced in a letter seems hauntingly familiar: "I don't seem able to get rid of my spectres unless I can lose them in crowds."

■ Christopher Porterfield

### Notable

**VICTORIAN STUDIES IN SCARLET: MURDERS AND MANNERS IN THE AGE OF VICTORIA** by Richard D. Altick. 336 pages. Norton. \$7.95.

These case histories gradually create a portrait of Victorian life—social sport, gossip, entertainment—centered on a succession of gory crimes. In the process the author dispels once again the myth that a genteel, civilized Victorian England ever existed. Its underside was a subculture of squalor, misery and brutality, all sanctioned by public apathy.

English reporting has always been hospitable to murder, and Altick, who is a professor of literature at Ohio State University, has done his homework well. The indoor doing-in record was set by Surgeon William Palmer, who got away with no fewer than six and very possibly as many as 14 murders. He overextended himself with the deaths of his wife and brother shortly after he had procured insurance policies on them in his favor.

It also is fascinating that, in an essentially repressed society, murder and violence seem to have occurred about as frequently as they do now in the "liberated" freewheeling modern world. Indeed, when set against Altick's grisly social canvas the current scene seems almost heartening. Unfortunately, the book is afflicted with the compulsive attention to micro-detail that distinguishes scholarly research from literary communication.

**"DON'T FALL OFF THE MOUNTAIN"** by Shirley MacLaine. 270 pages. Norton. \$5.95.

For years Shirley MacLaine has starred in a series of hectic comedies and adventures, often playing the heart-of-gold hooker (*Irma La Douce*, *Two Mules for Sister Sara*). Now, in a jaunty memoir, she puts forth the proposition that her own life has really been a lot more interesting. Most movie stars think that way, actually, and not a few of them have committed it all to paper. What makes *"Don't Fall Off the Mountain"* different from the usual drivel is that Shirley wrote it herself—no ghost, no collaborator, no pix and, alas, no visible editor. Though her prose is occasionally awful, it can also be crisp and energetic. The lady really is some-



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thing of a latter-day Richard Burton—the explorer, that is. She has been trapped in a *coup d'état* in the remote kingdom of Bhutan. She has delivered a Masai baby in Kenya. In Bangkok she saw Buddhist parents “with static expressions watch their baby drown.”

She has also done the conventional things: campaigning tirelessly for liberal causes, dining with Henry Kissinger, outwrestling movie moguls (said Hal Wallis: “Without me, she’d be a fading chorus girl instead of a fading star”). Most of all she has researched her roles with a zeal that beggars even the Method. One of the book’s highlights recounts Shirley’s

ing Christ as a normal man with sexual feelings makes some sense. But his que for the historical Mrs. Jesus is pursued without a saving touch of style, grace or wit, and finally drifts off into bootle speculation. On no tangible evidence whatsoever, he seriously proposes that the mysterious lady could have been either an unendurable “bitchy hussy” or Nazarene homebody who was too busy raising the children to trail after her husband while he went around Israel preaching the Gospel. Both prospects raise the absurd but piquant thought that the Son of Man actually endured a torment far more lingering than the agonies of Calvary: he might—God save us!—have been married to a Jewish mother.

**THE TALKING TREES AND OTHER STORIES** by Sean O’Faolain. 279 pages. Atlantic-Little, Brown. \$6.95.

A superb new collection marked by warmth and wit and a singing lyricism that are still the special literary luck of the Irish. O’Faolain’s concerns remain constant: love, death, God, the Devil growing up, old and out of it. In the best story, *Feed My Lambs*, human frailty plays behind the scrim of absurdity as a priest and a young girl meet, kiss sentimentally, and part sadly, having come as close to overt passion as they are ever likely to. Another story dissects the disintegration of a marriage where things are what they seem. Throughout, the author casts a modern eye on familiar territory with the arched vision of heritage: generations of ancestors with romantic preoccupations, fears and superstitions lurk beneath the day-to-day surface of his world.

**THE INLAND GROUND: AN EVOCATION OF THE AMERICAN MIDDLE WEST** by Richard Rhodes. 351 pages. Atheneum. \$7.95.

“The call of the wild” is now an anachronistic shout in the polluted air. The author is a native of Kansas City who journeyed out of the heartland to the East only to return. Through the wistful eye of memory and the watchful eye of expanded awareness, he candidly looks at the land beneath the beer bellies, bland smiles and protective boredom—this midland that was once a hideout for gangsters, still slaughterhouse to the world. In a series of loosely linked descriptive essays, he journeys unsentimentally through his Midwest. Rhodes cuts across the deceptive hush of the wheatfield to uncover the harsh realities of the coyote hunt. He shows us Harry Truman, an exile in the country of his mind; Eisenhower, a “Huckleberry Finn disguised as George Washington”; and Masters and Johnson, the St. Louis sex researchers who admirably admit they have got a long way to go. Enthusiasm sometimes flags, and eloquence turns occasionally tedious. But, Rhodes at his best is very, very good, and at his worst merely rueful. *The Inland Ground* is Everyman’s cry for “the loss of a coherent way of life.”



MacLAINE AS “IRMA”  
Research with zeal.

prepping for *Irma*, which in part consisted of peeking through a peephole in the bedroom door of a Paris brothel, watching the top performer.

Though Shirley still makes movies, she is already well into another book, apparently to be more of the same. The first one shows that she has enough talent to start a second career.

**WAS JESUS MARRIED?** by William E. Phipps. 239 pages. Harper & Row. \$5.95.

Not to keep the reader in suspense, the author’s answer to the questionable question posed by the title is an earnest but tentative yes. The concept of celibacy as a moral ideal is a pagan one that took root in Christianity as the faith spread throughout the Hellenistic world of the 2nd century. Phipps, a professor of religion at Davis and Elkins College, argues that Jesus was influenced by the far different tenets and traditions of Palestinian Judaism, which glorified sexuality and regarded marriage as a divine imperative.

Phipps’ circumstantial case for regard-





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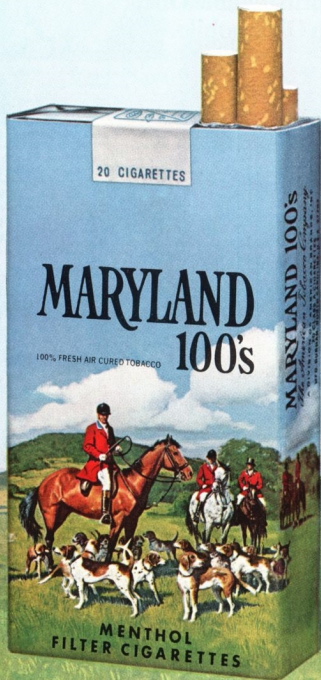
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